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OSTERLEY 12,129	—	Aug. 22	Aug. 24
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ORSOVA 12,036	Oct. 11	Oct. 17	Oct. 19
ORMUZ 14,588	Oct. 18	Oct. 24	Oct. 26
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ELKINGTON & CO., LTD., Silversmiths & Jewellers,
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Canteens of Spoons, Forks and Cutlery
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Always INSIST on having

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THE SUPER LEATHER FOR SOLES
GUARANTEED DOUBLE WEAR
BOOTS & SHOES
Insist also on having 'DRI-PED' REPAIRS.

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All genuine 'Dri-ped' soled footwear bears the 'Dri-ped' purple diamond stamped every few inches on each sole. There is NO unstamped 'Dri-ped.'



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All Modern Comfort—Entirely Renovated
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FOR EASY SHAVING.
Without the use of Soap, Water or Brush.
Put a Tube in your Kit Bag.
The Label of the ORIGINAL and
GENUINE EUXESIS is printed
with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow
Ground, and bears this TRADE
MARK.
We bought the business with the recipe, trade
mark, and goodwill from the Executrix of the
late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manu-
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From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.
Wholesale only:
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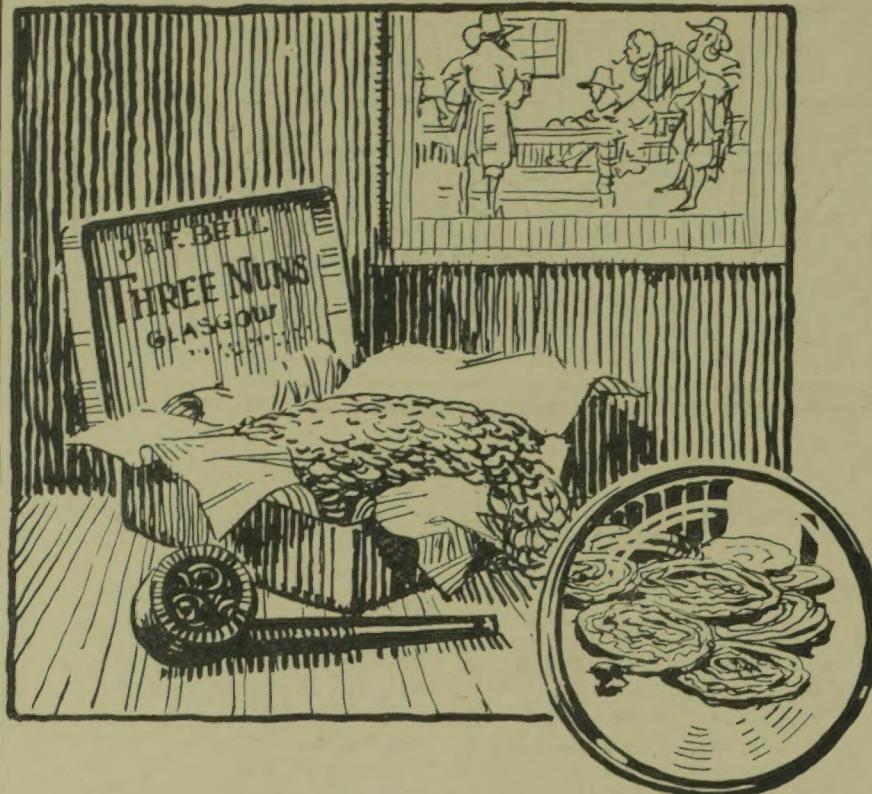
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HINDES HAIR TINT
tints grey or faded hair
any natural shade desired—brown, dark-
brown, light-brown, or
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and washable, has no
grease, and does not
burn the hair. It is
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Established 1793.
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MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS
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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's
Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d. 1/- 2/- & 4/-

F. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.



The "Curious Cut" & the reason why

It will pay you to examine closely the curious little discs in which Three Nuns Tobacco is cut.

These discs are cut from long plaits of tobacco leaf spun by a special process. To form a perfect plait, and therefore a perfect disc, only the long "fat" leaves can be used; all scraps and broken leaves are discarded. Therefore the discs remain whole even after being carried about in the pouch for weeks, and no particle of dust or waste is formed.

There is a further economy in smoking Three Nuns. By reason of its cut it burns slowly (and therefore coolly), so that a pipeful of Three Nuns lasts longer than a pipeful of most other tobaccos. Every shred may be smoked with full enjoyment of the heavenly Three Nuns fragrance, born of a blend of the highest-grade tobaccos.

THREE NUNS The Tobacco of Curious Cut



In Packets:
1 oz. 1/2; 2 oz. 2/4

In Tins:
2 oz. 2/4; 4 oz. 4/8

King's Head is similar
but a little fuller.

Stephen Mitchell and Son, Branch of the
Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and
Ireland), Ltd., 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.

817

The Children's Holiday

When all around you resounds to the merry laugh and chatter of happy children, will you not give a thought to those whose holidays mean only added misery—whose CHILDHOOD is BLASTED by harsh cruelty and neglect?

The
NATIONAL
SOCIETY FOR
PREVENTION OF
CRUELTY TO
CHILDREN
NSPCC

has accomplished very much towards removing the evils which have surrounded child-life in the past. Donations are urgently needed to enable this beneficent work to be continued.

PLEASE RESPOND TO-DAY TO
ROBT. J. PARR, O.B.E. Director,
THE NSPCC, VICTORY HOUSE,
LEICESTER SQ., LONDON, W.C.2.

That old CARPET!

Why throw it out of use?
HAVE IT
CLEANED or DYED
by the

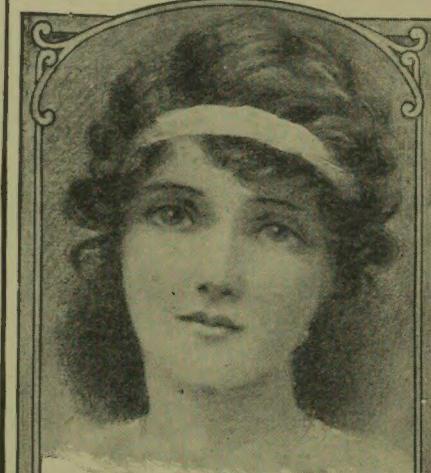
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Please note address—
PATENT STEAM CARPET
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196, York Road, King's Cross,
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PRICE LISTS POST FREE.



Welcome the Sunshine!

How many of us are able to do it properly—to bask in it and play in it without that damage to our skins and complexions which spoils all the pleasure? There is a way to enjoy summer sunshine to the full—to obtain all its benefits without any of its discomforts. The emollient Skin Tonic,

BEETHAM'S
La-rola
(as pre-war)

used regularly on hands, neck, face and arms, keeps the skin in a healthy condition which browns becomingly without peeling or soreness.

From all Chemists, in bottles, 1/6

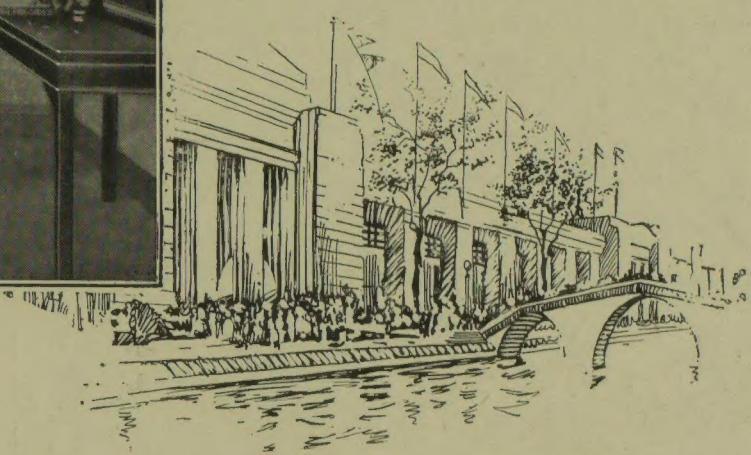
PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives

THE BEAUTY SPOT!

Boxes 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON
Cheltenham Spa,
ENGLAND.



AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE GAS EXHIBIT AT WEMBLEY

there is a series of modern and period rooms showing gas fires and gas lighting fittings which, while embodying the latest principles of efficiency and hygiene, are designed to harmonise artistically with the furnishing. The lighting is controlled by pneumatic distant switches.

The room illustrated above (designed for the British Empire Gas Exhibit by Messrs. Osborne and Company of Grafton Street) is an example of the work of the Brothers Adam, circa 1760. The dentil cornice and frieze of swag enrichments are from models taken from the original work of these celebrated designers and the details of the fireplace are taken from the original drawings now in the Soane Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The colouring

is carried out in delicate greens and biscuit tones and forms a delightful background to the gas fire which follows some of the Adam detail in its mouldings and decoration.

The chief pieces of furniture seen are a fine carved and gilt Hepplewhite armchair, circa 1790; an old reproduction Chippendale silver table in mahogany with fret gallery; and an Adam mirror in black and gold frame with original Vauxhall plate.

Everyone who aspires to the Home Beautiful and wishes to make it also the Home Comfortable should

VISIT THE BRITISH EMPIRE GAS EXHIBIT
(In The Centre of the Palace of Industry)



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1924.

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"THE FIRST GREAT STEP IN THE RESTORATION OF CONFIDENCE IN OUR CIVILISATION": THE PLENARY SESSION OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE AT WHICH WAS SIGNED THE LONDON AGREEMENT ACCEPTING THE DAWES PLAN OF REPARATIONS.

The London Conference closed successfully on August 16 with the signing of the London Agreement (consisting of a Protocol and four annexes), accepting the Dawes scheme of Reparations. In our photograph (starting from the figure in the left foreground and working round the outer side of the "horseshoe" table) the seated delegates are: Gen. Norton de Mattos (elbow on table); Baron Moncheur (Belgian Ambassador); M. Hymans (Belgium); M. Theunis (Belgian Premier); next but one, Signor De Stefani (chief Italian delegate); M. Clémentel, with folded arms (France); M. Herriot (French Premier); Mr. Ramsay Macdonald

(Prime Minister, presiding); Mr. Philip Snowden (Chancellor of the Exchequer); Senator the Hon. N. Belcourt; Sir Eyre Crowe (at corner); Sir Robert Kindersley; Mr. Kellogg (U.S. Ambassador); Mr. J. Logan; and Baron Hayashi (Japanese Ambassador). In the centre foreground are the four German delegates (from right to left) Dr. Stresemann (Foreign Minister) immediately below Baron Hayashi; Dr. Marx (Chancellor); Herr Von Schubert (with arm on chair); and Dr. Luther (Finance Minister). Standing in the background, between Mr. Macdonald and M. Herriot, is Sir Maurice Hankey, Secretary-General of the Conference.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

AS I was passing lately down long lanes of flags in Dublin, during the great revival of the ancient Irish festival of games, there came into my head a casual comparison between the flags of tradition and the newspaper posters which may be called the flags of to-day. The posters also are of many colours, of yellow or green or pink, and are waved to encourage or excite great crowds. It seems tenable that the old flags really told more truth, and it is certain that the new flags can tell many more lies. At the best the posters only represent the reality of a moment; while the banners may be rich with all the realities of a thousand years. But the comparison was topical and to the point. For I had occasion to note not only the truth of the flags as compared with the newspapers, but a good many of the actual lies of the newspapers about the flags. It is merely a symbolic matter, or what some would call merely a small matter, but it happens to be a compact and convenient example of the different ways in which journalism can disguise realities by means of reports. It illustrates every kind of error, from the mere mistake or misstatement of fact to the alteration of the very atmosphere of truth.

To begin with, some newspapers stated that the display of Dublin flags did not include any Union Jacks. This is simply false in point of fact—in the same sense in which it would be false to say that Dublin displayed no top-hats or no tailors' shops. I saw rather more Union Jacks than I should have expected to see. They were in the minority because they had always been the emblems of the minority. Nobody has any notion about Ireland unless he understands that the Union Jack never meant there what it means here. It was not a national flag, but a party flag. But its display had a very definite importance, for it was meant to show that all parties were joining in the great Free State festival. Many who had been Unionists in the old faction fights flew the Union Jack, just as many who had lived in America flew the American flag. Partly because they had got one, and partly through a healthy instinct of the more flags the better. But the incident illustrated a truth that is very certain and very encouraging, and is therefore generally kept out of the papers. I mean the fact that a large number of loyalists, in the old party sense of the term, are now labouring heartily and happily to make the Irish Free State a success.

Next we have the more elaborate error of those who admit some such manifestations of the minority, but cannot understand yet why it is a minority. It is extraordinary enough that anybody should consent to the creation of a new State with a new flag, and then be mildly surprised at its preferring to fly that flag. But there would seem to be no depth of inhuman stupidity impossible to people who still wish to feed the old feud with the Irish. But, as a matter of fact, even this foolish question could be answered in the language of flags, like the code of flags used in signalling. All that could reasonably be suggested by the admission of the British flag is suggested by the presence of the Free State flag. It is suggested in the very form of the Free State flag. It is deliberately planned so as to include the two colours of Orange and

Green; and Orange and Green have been in far fiercer conflict than England and Ireland. It says as plainly as heraldic colours can talk that it hopes for a reconciliation, even if some call it a compromise. The Sinn Fein colours are themselves a Union Jack in the sense of a symbol of Union. If there were a thousand Sinn Fein flags in a single Dublin street, one-third of the colour was Orange. It is by no means my favourite colour. It does not stand for anything I should particularly wish to include on my private pennon. I am simply stating a fact—a fact which people seem to be unable to believe even when they see it with their own eyes, in three bright, staring colours, and twice as big as a poster.

And then, behind these bare matters of fact is all that living reality which it is so much more miserable to miss. In this casual case of the flag could be found one of the very few points of fellowship and understanding between the English and the Irish peoples. Instead of bickering about whether this or that

some there aren't. Nothing is more amusing than to see the villa of a respectable little clerk in Clapham festooned with the colours of Hayti and Guatemala, to see a sturdy British stockbroker apparently rallying round the flag of Finland, or a maiden lady in Ealing brandishing the Royal banner of Siam. I appreciate the value of that cheerful indifference to heraldic science, that charitable ignorance of foreign complication, that intensely intimate and insular universality, that humane flippancy and frivolity, that resolution of the Englishman to enjoy himself, not as the Emperor of an ordered officialism, but rather as a King of shreds and patches. That riot of all the wrong flags, half of them upside down, is more national than any national flag.

Jingoism, or the narrow sort of nationalism, does not consist of looking only at our own nation. Rather it consists of never looking at our own nation at all. That is, perhaps, the most important moral of the journalistic blunders about the Irish pageant; when

the journalists took the trouble to rebuke in Dublin what they had never taken the trouble to remark in Piccadilly. And this error of never looking sincerely at ourselves has been at the root of all our trouble with our neighbours. It is often said that the English do not understand the Irish; but that is really only another way of saying that Ireland is a nation. It is unreasonable to expect the ordinary Englishman to know Ireland—or, for that matter, the ordinary Irishman to know England. But there is a sense in which we can ask the ordinary Englishman to know what he is doing to Ireland. And the great trouble with the ordinary Englishman was that he did not know what he was doing. For instance, if he chose to make his country the workshop

of the world and fill it with factory smoke and machinery, that was his own affair. But, if he had really known he was doing it, he would have known at the same time that such a workshop would not work as the only government of a Catholic peasantry.

But he never measured the unique or abnormal nature of his own adventure; he vaguely supposed that he could become specialist and yet remain catholic—if only with a small "c." If a nation really had an enlightened grip on its own government and its own action, it would do less wrong even to other nations it did not understand, just as Shakespeare said that he who is true to himself will be false to no man. Therefore, every patriot should criticise his own country, and be careful about intervening in the internal criticism of another country; and I am fully conscious of the need of such restraint in the case of the Englishman in Ireland. But I should not be testifying to the truth as I see it if I did not say that the impression left on my mind was that the new State had risen hopefully and splendidly to its responsibilities. I think the Irish Free State does already fulfil the three terms of its title, and that is the test for any man with any grasp of the problem. I think it is Irish, I think it is free, and I think it is a State—that is, a sane and stable and ordered and creative thing; and there are moods when I wish the immediate prospects of my own country were so confident, so continuous, or so clear.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 376, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

AT 28,000 FT. ON EVEREST: AN ALTITUDE RECORD IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT. PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. SOMERVELL.



TAKEN WITH AN ORDINARY SMALL CAMERA AT 28,000 FT., THE HIGHEST POINT AT WHICH A PHOTOGRAPH HAS EVER BEEN SECURED: THE TOP OF EVEREST ONLY 300 YARDS AWAY—SHOWING COLONEL NORTON MAKING HIS LAST EFFORT.

This remarkable photograph of the summit of Mount Everest is of especial interest as it was obtained, not with a telephoto (or long-distance) lens, but with a small camera of ordinary type, at 28,000 ft., the greatest altitude at which a photograph has ever been taken. The top of Everest is shown, not, as usual, in the far distance, but only about 300 yards away. The photograph was taken by Dr. Somervell at the close of the great effort made by him and Colonel E. F. Norton to reach the summit, shortly before Mallory and Irvine met their fate in a similar attempt. Colonel Norton, who was the leader of this year's expedition,

is seen in the foreground climbing 80 ft. beyond Dr. Somervell's position. To go only thus far took him an hour, partly through extreme exhaustion, and partly through the difficult and dangerous nature of the ground. Discussing the results of the expedition, Colonel Norton said that it had filled all gaps in the knowledge requisite for success, except one—the value of oxygen, of which he was doubtful. They now knew that they could sleep in comparative comfort at 27,000 ft., and that porters could carry loads to the same height. He thought another attempt might be made in 1926, with hope of success.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

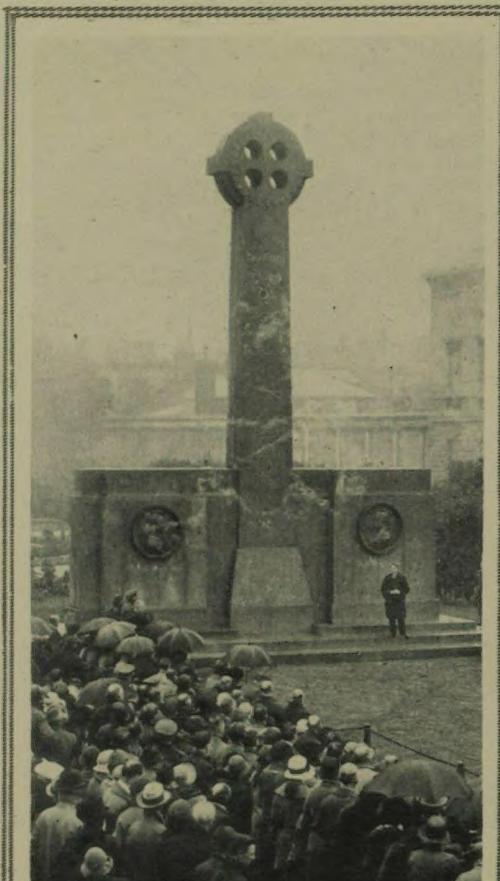
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, AITKEN, ALFIERI, LANGFIER, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND H. WALTER BARNETT.



NUMISMATIC ART APPLIED TO SPORT: MEDALS BY M. L. C. MASCAUX STRUCK IN CONNECTION WITH THE OLYMPIC GAMES, AND REPRESENTING RESPECTIVELY (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) GYMNASTICS, JUMPING, WRESTLING, RUNNING, AND PUTTING THE WEIGHT.



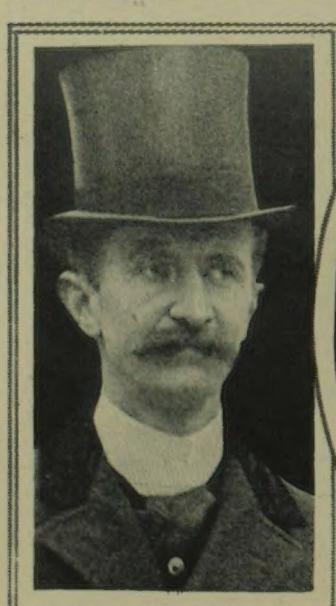
A TRIBUTE TO TWO DEAD LEADERS: MR. COSGRAVE SPEAKING AT THE DUBLIN CENOTAPH, BENEATH THE BAS-RELIEF OF ARTHUR GRIFFITH.



ON THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF MICHAEL COLLINS'S DEATH: THE DUBLIN CENOTAPH CEREMONY—PRESIDENT COSGRAVE SPEAKING.



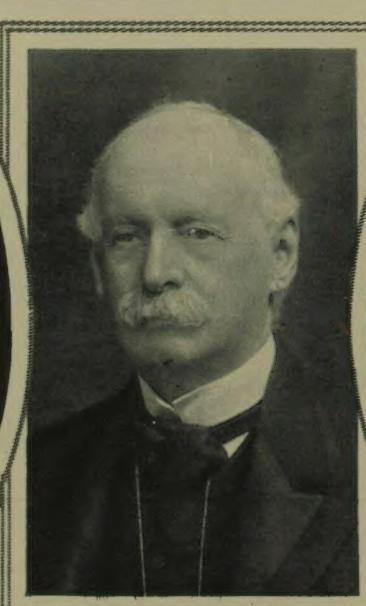
OCCUPIED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE WEMBLEY JAMBOREE: THE SEAT INSCRIBED IN THE CREE LANGUAGE—"CHIEF MORNING STAR," PRESENTED TO HIM BY A NEASDEN TROOP.



A WELL-KNOWN LIBERAL PEER AND EX-M.P.: THE LATE LORD NUNBURNHOLME.



THE NEW LORD KNOLLYS: THE HON. E. G. W. T. KNOLLYS, D.F.C.



A TRUSTED SERVANT OF THREE BRITISH SOVEREIGNS: THE LATE LORD KNOLLYS.



A DISTINGUISHED ADMIRAL: THE LATE SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE, G.C.B.



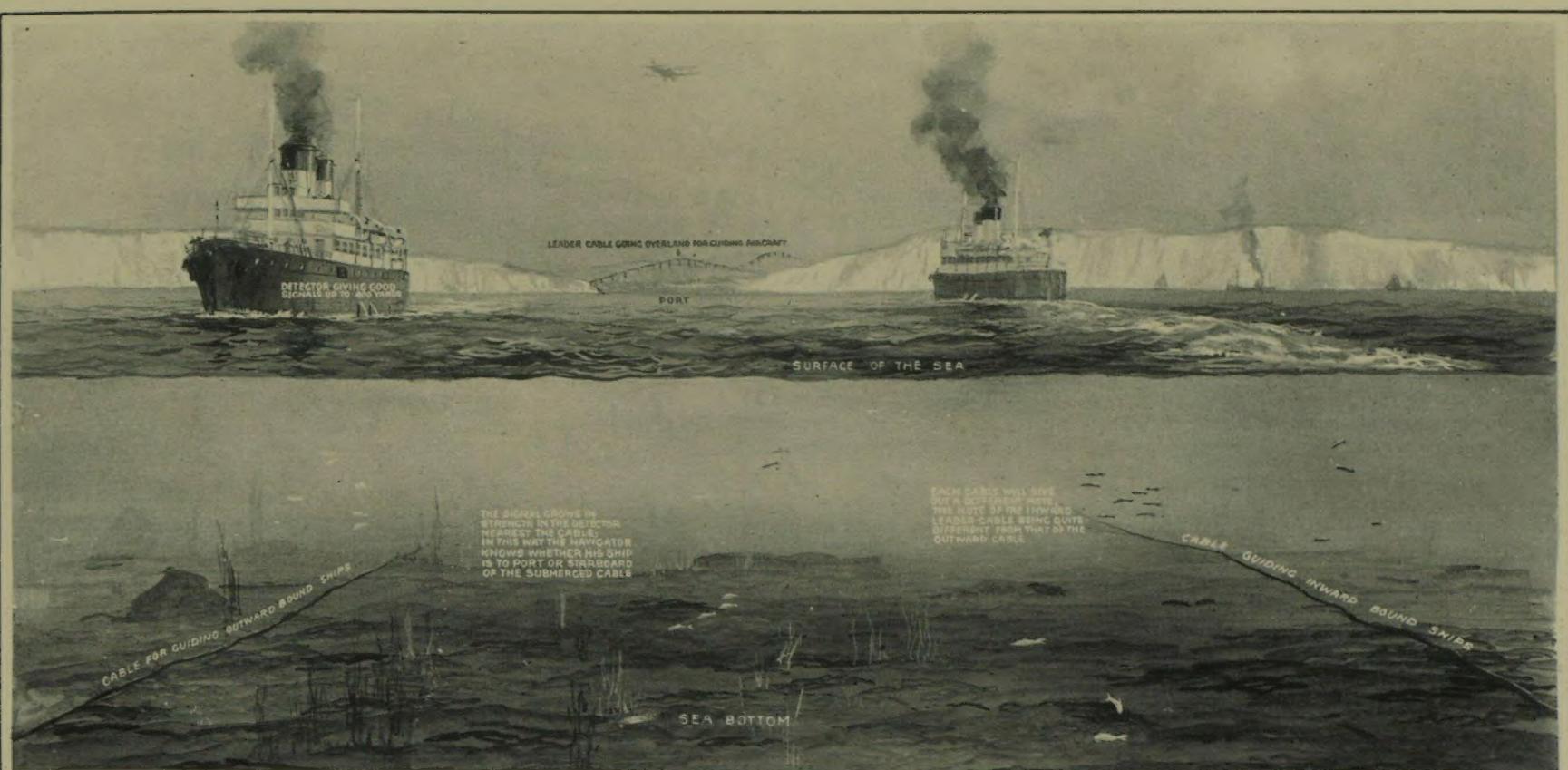
BACK TO PARLIAMENT: SIR ALFRED MOND, M.P., ELECTED AT CARMARTHEN.

On August 17, the second anniversary of the death of Michael Collins was celebrated in Dublin at the temporary Cenotaph in the Leinster Gardens, built in honour of him and of the late Arthur Griffith. President Cosgrave laid a wreath on the Cenotaph, and gave a short eulogy of their work for Irish freedom.—At the camp fire "sing-song," at the great Wembley Jamboree, the Prince of Wales occupied a seat carved out of a tree-trunk, and inscribed "Chief Morning Star," in the Cree language. It was made and presented by the 3rd Neasden (Caddie) Troop, composed entirely of the golf caddies of the Neasden Golf Club.—Lord Nunburnholme was the son of Mr. Charles Henry Wilson, one of the owners of the famous Wilson Line of Steamships, acquired in 1916 by Sir John Ellerman. The late peer served in the Great War and the South African War, and in 1906-7

was Liberal M.P. for Hull. During his last illness, his son and heir, the Hon. Charles John Wilson, gave two transfusions of his own blood to his father in the hope of saving his life.—The Hon. E. G. W. T. Knollys, now Viscount Knollys, served in the war with the London Regiment and the R.A.F.—The late Lord Knollys was Gentleman-Usher to Queen Victoria from 1868 till her death. In 1870 he was appointed Private Secretary to King Edward (then Prince of Wales), a position he held for forty years. He served King George in a similar capacity until his retirement in 1913.—Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, who was in his eighty-sixth year, entered the Navy in 1853, and retired in 1904. In 1854 he served against Russia.—Sir Alfred Mond (Liberal) headed the poll at the recent by-election at Carmarthen.

PILOT CABLES FOR CHANNEL BOATS IN FOG: SUBMARINE SIGNALS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHT.)

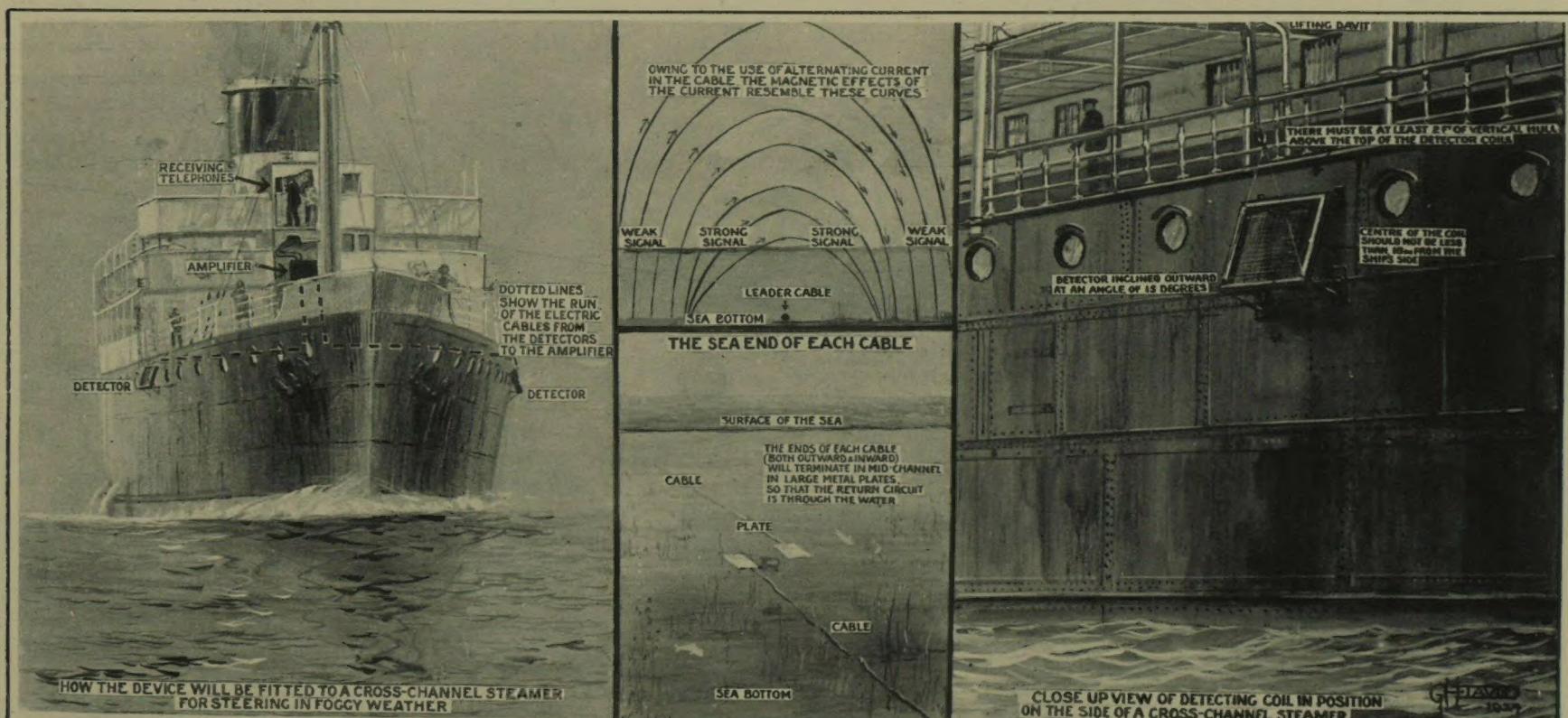


A DEVICE THAT MIGHT HAVE PREVENTED THE "NEWHAVEN" FROM GOING ASHORE IN A FOG: SUBMARINE CABLES FOR GUIDING SHIPS (FITTED WITH SIGNAL-DETECTORS) IN AND OUT OF PORT—A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SEA IN CROSS SECTION, WITH CABLES LAID, AND (IN BACKGROUND) AN OVERLAND SYSTEM FOR GUIDING AEROPLANES.

IN a recent address to the Royal Institution on "Modern Navigational Devices," Mr. F. E. Smith, C.B.E., F.R.S., Director of Scientific Research to the Admiralty, described a system of Leader Gear of the type here illustrated. "Its object," he says, "is to enable a vessel to find and enter a harbour or estuary in foggy weather, when the usual aids to navigation, such as buoys, light-ships, land-marks, etc., are obscured. An insulated cable, 30 or 40 miles long, is laid on the bottom of the estuary and on the sea-bed along the course which it is desired the ship to traverse, and this cable is supplied with alternating current at a sonic frequency, say 500 per second. The station generating the current is on land, or on a light-ship, and the sea-end of the cable is connected to a large metallic plate, so that the return circuit is through the water. A signalling key is inserted in the cable circuit at the transmitting station, and this enables the current to be interrupted, so that messages may be transmitted if desired. The alternating current in the cable produces an alternating magnetic field around the cable, the shape of which has been very carefully investigated. Its general form may easily be deduced from the following considerations. First consider the

current not to vary in strength. Then the lines of force due to the current in the cable are in the form of concentric circles. The return current will be in the sea-water, and if the cable is a straight one the return current will be in the form of a current sheet, but the density of the current will be greatest near the cable. . . . If now, instead of a current of constant intensity, an alternating current is passed through the cable, electric currents will be induced in the sea-water, and again the density of the current will be greatest in the immediate vicinity of the cable. The direction of the induced current is the same as that of the current returning through the sea-water, but owing to the variation in density about the cable the magnetic lines of force above the water will be curved. . . . Having produced an alternating magnetic field above a cable which marks out the path a ship should follow, it is necessary to place detecting apparatus on the ship. Such apparatus consists of a coil of wire on each side of the ship connected to amplifiers and to suitable telephones or other equipment. If there is a component of the magnetic field at right angles to the plane of a coil, alternating currents will be induced in the coil; if these are sufficiently

[Continued below.]



A SYSTEM OF ELECTRIC SUBMARINE CABLES TO BE CONSTRUCTED FROM BOULOGNE TO THE ENGLISH COAST, AND ALREADY IN USE AT PORTSMOUTH AND NEW YORK: DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE DETECTOR, AMPLIFIER, AND RECEIVING TELEPHONES ATTACHED TO SHIPS; A CHART OF CURVES AND METAL PLATES AT THE CABLE ENDS.

Continued.]
intense, the telephone connected to the coil will respond. Messages may thus be read. . . . Trials at Portsmouth (he continues) indicate that the coils should be inclined outwards at an angle of about 15 degrees to the vertical, and that there should be at least 2 feet of vertical hull above the top edge of the coils. Further, the centre of a coil should not be nearer than 18 inches to the ship's side. . . . When the ship is directly over the cable the signals in each coil system are equal in intensity. As the ship moves away from the cable the signal in the nearer coil is the stronger, markedly at first, but the difference gradually disappears as the signals get fainter and fainter. Signals are good up to about 400 yards. . . . At present two Leader Gear systems are known to be in use, one at Portsmouth and the other in the Ambrose Channel off New York. Many

ships have used these cables, and the results leave no doubt about practicability." The recent grounding of the Channel steamer "Newhaven" near Dieppe, during a fog, revived interest in such devices, which might have prevented the mishap. One well-known system is that invented by Mr. W. A. Loth, and called the Loth Cable. It was announced a few days ago that one is to be constructed from Boulogne to the English coast. In our issue of February 11, 1922, we illustrated the Loth method applied to guidance of aircraft at night, or in thick weather, by cables overland. A few days ago it was stated that the first section of the overhead cable from Paris to Boulogne would be ready next May. In 1922 Mr. Loth's submarine cable had already been adopted by the French Navy. Our drawings show clear weather for distinctness, but in practice, the weather would be thick.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF

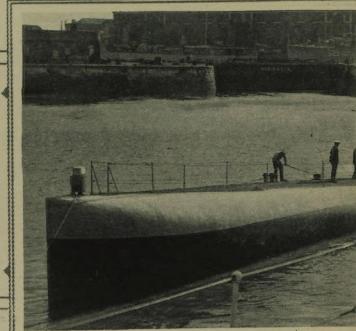
CURRENT NEWS—INTERESTING EVENTS AND OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO., PHOTOPRESS.

THE "TIMES" (WORLD COPYRIGHT), AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



A WAR MEMORIAL CEREMONY IN AMERICA: THE UNVEILING OF A MONUMENT TO 2000 MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS, AT PARRIS ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.



AFTER HER RETURN FROM THE LONGEST VOYAGE EVER MADE SINCE THE END OF HER RECENT CRUISE OF TWENTY THOUSAND MILES.



BY A SUBMARINE: THE "K 26" IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR



THE KING ON THE MOORS: AN IMPRESSION OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S SHOOTING PARTY FROM BOLTON ABBEY, SHOWING HIS MAJESTY, MOUNTED ON A WHITE PONY, ON THE RIGHT.



SINCE THE RECENT REMOVAL OF THE STEEPLE: STOKE POGES CHURCH, WHERE GRAY WROTE HIS FAMOUS "ELEGY."



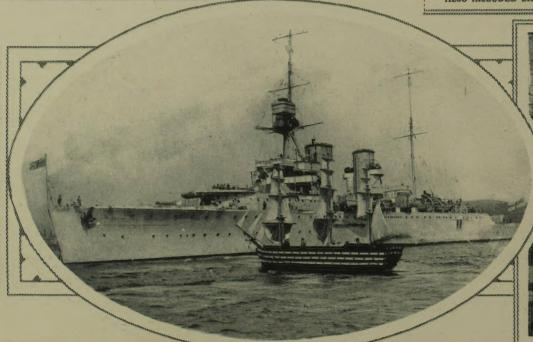
FOLKESTONE POLICEMEN HEADING A PROCESSION AT CALAIS: A FÊTE OF THE SEA, WHICH ALSO INCLUDED LIFEBOATMEN FROM HYTHE, FOLKESTONE, KINGSDOWN, RAMSGATE, AND MARGATE



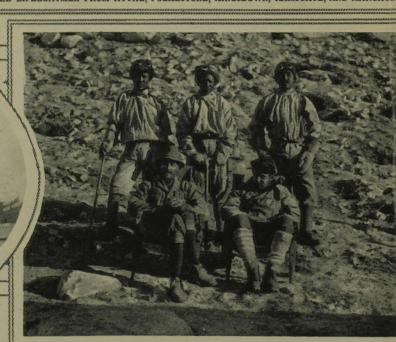
PRESENTED BY PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES, TO THE VILLAGE CHURCH AT GOLDSBOROUGH: A GOLD-EMBROIDERED ALTAR FRONTRAL MADE BY TOTALLY DISABLED SOLDIERS.



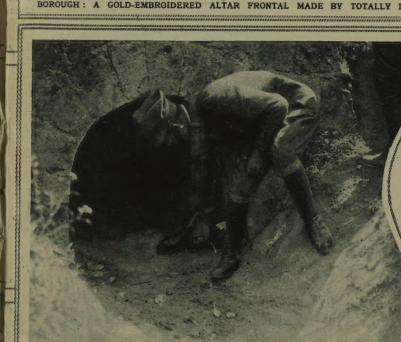
IN THE NATIONAL COSTUME OF SOUTH HOLLAND: PRINCESS JULIANA (RIGHT), WITH QUEEN WILHELMINA, RECEIVED BY THE BURGOMASTER OF TERNEUZEN.



ANCIENT AND MODERN IN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE: A MODEL (NOT FULL-SIZE) OF THE OLD "IMPROVABLE" BESIDE THE NEW LIGHT CRUISER "FROBISHER," IN PLYMOUTH SOUND.



THE LEADER OF THE EVEREST EXPEDITION: COL. NORTON (LEFT) AND DR. SOMERVELL, WHO TOOK THE REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH ON PAGE 341.



RIDDLED BY DAGGER-THRUSTS, WITH ONE SLEEVE MISSING: THE COAT OF THE MURDERED ITALIAN DEPUTY, SIGNOR MATTEOTTI, FOUND NEAR ROME.



THE DISCOVERY OF SIGNOR MATTEOTTI'S BODY, AFTER EIGHT WEEKS' SEARCH, NEAR THE VIA FLAMMINIA: CARRYING THE COFFIN TO THE MORTUARY.

Submarine "K 26" (Commander G. P. Thompson), the largest vessel of her class, arrived at Portsmouth on August 12 on her return from a 20,000-mile independent cruise, the longest ever made by a submarine. She started from Portsmouth on January 22, and visited Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Singapore, and Malta. The King arrived at Bolton Abbey on August 12, as the guest of the Duke of Devonshire, for the opening of the grouse-shooting season. On Sunday, the 17th, he motored over to Goldsborough Hall to visit Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles. At the morning service in Goldsborough Church on that day, in the presence of the Queen, a new altar frontal of crimson and gold, presented by Princess Mary, was dedicated by the Rector, the Rev. A. Hastings Kelk. Stoke Poges Church, the traditional scene of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," has been restored, and an adjacent meadow bought to save it from villa-builders. An appeal was recently made for £2000 to complete the sum needed. It is also desired to build a new steeple in place of that which had to be pulled down owing to its dangerous condition. At a Fête de la Mer in Calais on August 15, four Folkestone Borough policemen

took part, as well as a number of Kentish lifeboatmen. In return, 1000 French visitors, including lifeboatmen and fisher-girls in gala dress, attended the Folkestone Lifeboat Flag Day on August 16. The new light cruiser "Frobisher" recently underwent her speed trials at Plymouth, before being commissioned as the flag-ship of the First Light Cruiser Squadron. The model of the old line-of-battle ship "Improbable" (on a reduced scale) was designed by Captain Gordon Campbell, V.C., of "mystery ship" fame. A full-page photograph taken on Mount Everest at 28,000 ft., by Dr. Somervell, is reproduced in this number. The body of Signor Matteotti, the Italian Socialist Deputy kidnapped and murdered on June 10, was discovered on August 16, after over eight weeks' search, in a thicket near the Via Flaminia, leading north from Rome. The discovery was due to a police dog belonging to a brigadier of the Carabinieri. A few days before, Signor Matteotti's coat had been found in a tunnel near Rome. Signora Matteotti's decision to have her husband's body conveyed direct to his home for burial, without passing through Rome, prevented any demonstrations on the occasion.

THE PRINCE'S RESIDENCE IN THE U.S.: A LONG ISLAND COUNTRY SEAT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A.P., AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS STAY AT LONG ISLAND: WOODSIDE, SYOSSET.



SEEN FROM THE LAWN: THE BEAUTIFUL HOME OF MR. AND MRS. JAMES ABERCROMBIE BURDEN, WHICH THEY ARE LENDING TO THE PRINCE.



WHERE THE PRINCE MAY ENJOY A SWIM: THE BATHING-POOL AT WOODSIDE.



SHOWING SOME OF MR. AND MRS. BURDEN'S HORSES: A VIEW OF THE STABLES.



AN EXQUISITE VISTA OF GARDEN AND SWIMMING-POOL: IN THE GROUNDS OF THE HOUSE WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL OCCUPY AT LONG ISLAND.

During his stay at Long Island for the international polo matches, the Prince of Wales will occupy one of America's most beautiful country houses, the seat of Mr. and Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, which they are lending to his Royal Highness. Mr. and Mrs. Burden are well known in English as well as American Society, and have entertained many distinguished people in London this season, as they have been spending the summer over here. Mr. Burden is prominent in the American iron and steel industry, and is also an all-round sportsman. Mrs. Burden was formerly Miss Florence Adele Sloane. Our pages illustrate the beautiful house and garden of Woodside, Syosset, Long Island, where the Prince will stay—not as Baron Renfrew, as was at first rumoured, but as the Prince

of Wales on holiday. His Royal Highness has arranged to go to Washington as the guest of the President, and to attend a strictly private lunch with Mr. Coolidge and his family in the White House. Under the present plans, as announced, the Prince will not visit any other city or attend any formal function, but he contemplates going to a dinner given by Mr. Clarence Mackay on the opening evening of the polo matches. H.R.H. is due to arrive in the States on August 29, and will be met by the British Ambassador, Sir Esmé Howard, who will escort him to Washington. On the conclusion of the polo matches, the Prince of Wales is expected to leave for his ranch in Alberta, where he is due on September 19.

TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF: ANAGLYPHS OF ANCIENT MASTERPIECES.

These Reproductions will appear in full Stereoscopic Relief when looked at through our Viewing-Mask; with Red and Green Films. A Viewing-Mask can be obtained free on application (See Page 376.)



RANKED WITH THE VÉNUS DE MILO; THE WINGED "VICTORY" OF SAMOTHRACE; AND THE REPRODUCTION OF THE FAÇADE OF THE TREASURY OF THE CNIDIANS AT DELPHI.



DEDICATED TO ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS STATUES IN THE WORLD: THE SALLE DE LA VÉNUS DE MILO, AT THE LOUVRE.

ANAGLYPHS BY L. GIMPEL AND E. TOUCHEZ

BY A GREAT RECONSTRUCTION ARTIST: THE COLOUR OF ANCIENT ROME.

BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM WALCOT, AND THE PUBLISHER OF HIS ETCHINGS, MR. H. C. DICKINS. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME" VISUALISED BY A FAMOUS MODERN PAINTER: THE BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE, IN THE FORUM, AS IT WAS IN THAT EMPEROR'S DAY—BY WILLIAM WALCOT.

Mr. William Walcot is a distinguished artist who has specialised in the architectural splendours of antiquity, depicting the great temples of the past, not as ruins, but in the heyday of their colour and magnificence, and thronged with worshippers. His studio is in Rome; but last year, it may be recalled, he exhibited many of his works in London, at the Royal Institute of British Architects, and several of them were reproduced in our issues of April 14 and 21, 1923. The recent revival

of interest in all things Roman adds value to Mr. Walcot's rare etchings, which are issued by Mr. H. C. Dickins, the art publisher, of 9, Great Pulteney Street. The Basilica of Constantine, of which three great arches still stand, is said to have afforded a model to the architects of St. Peter's for the immense span of its roof vaulting. The western apse may have contained the colossal statue of Constantine, the head of which is preserved in the Palace of the Conservatori.

When York was Eboracum: Rome in Britain.

"ROMAN YORK." By GORDON HOME.*

SPECIALISTS in speculation have a hoard of raw material in that centre which was Aberach, Ebrauc, or Yoroc, probably the capital and chief stronghold of the "barbarian" Brigantes; was Eboracum, most vital northern base of the Roman Empire; and is York. So little is known of its earlier days, save what has been learnt by digging and deduction, that Major Gordon Home, most diligent of delvers, is constrained to write: "If a search be made through the pages of the historians, panegyrist, poets, geographers, and official documents of the Roman Empire, in the hope of finding references to Roman York, i.e., Eboracum (or Eburacum), the total will be found to reach seven. Two at least of these being merely copies of another, reduces the highest existing total of original references to five." It is possible and permissible, however, to reconstruct the place and those who peopled it "by fitting together a mosaic, consisting of indirect references and inferences, which can be considered sound if taken in conjunction with epigraphic materials and archaeological evidence."

So Major Home has gone to work, and if any nickname him Catena—the chain—it will be because he has shaped testimony into true links, and not after that Paulus who forged facts into a looped line of lies! His mosaic is altogether satisfactory, and the pictures presented by its cubes are both enlightening and engrossing.

Eboracum is seen first occupied by the Romans in 71, when Quintus Petilius Cerealis took it and made it a *castra* garrisoned by the famous Ninth Legion, called "Hispana" in reward for its gallant exploits in the conquest of North-West Spain, a fighting force destined to be destroyed utterly and mysteriously in about the year 120—as completely as were Severianus Maximus and a Legion at the storming of Elegeia by the Parthians, and as ruthlessly as the Roman colony on the site of Jerusalem was by Simeon Bar-Cochba during the savage Jewish outbreak of 132—135.

Then: Roman authority re-established by Hadrian, of the Wall, and Legio VI. "Victrix"; and devastated Eboracum re-occupied. And, at this time, "a notable change came over the composition of the Roman armies . . . the legions being very largely recruited from the population among which they were stationed, as well as from children born in the *canabae*. As the men of the *VIIth* would have undoubtedly married Brigantian and Parisian girls, this legion, unlike the *IXth*, became more and more identified with the locality in which it was serving." Yet during its first century as a Roman station York showed great predominance of the military over the civil element.

It was and it remained a Colony: that is one of the best authenticated facts about it. "Inscriptions and coins refer to it as 'Colonia Eboracensis.' . . . The most important place in the province, Londinium, was not distinguished, as far as any evidence exists, by any Roman municipal grade, yet, by the third century, it was obviously the capital. Even as early as A.D. 60, Londinium seems to have been the administrative headquarters, and, early in the fourth century, its pre-eminence was formally recognised by the conferring upon it of the title *Augusta*. . . . The rank of colony did not necessarily imply importance either in size or in commerce. A colony was, in its inception, essentially a garrison of military settlers in an enemy's country. A *municipium*, on the other hand, was during the first century A.D. the rank given to a foreign town which had assimilated Roman manners and customs to such an extent that it could be adopted by the Empire. Eboracum could only have been slightly affected by Roman

influences when it was made the headquarters of a legion; therefore the new town, fostered by Hadrian and his successors, inevitably bore the name of colony."

Major Home describes the administration of such places. The *municipium* and the *colonia* were identical in regard to this. "The population consisted of two or three classes: the *Ordo* (the upper official class); the *Seviri*, and the *Commons*. The *Ordo* comprised the wealthiest and most influential men of the city and its dependent territory, and were officially one hundred in number: that is to say, in the municipal council only that number had seats; any others entitled to sit remained, as it were, on a waiting list. A member of the council was styled *decurio*." The *seviri augustales* "occupied a social position between the *ordo* and the mass of the population, and were elected by decree of the *decuriones*. Their special function was the promotion of the worship of the divine *Augustus*. . . . From the ranks of the *decuriones* were elected the magistrates of the city. They were six in number. First in authority were the two *duoviri*, who were presidents and chief legal magistrates, occupying the position of joint mayors. Secondly, there were two *adiles*, who were superintendents of buildings and public

his residence he again bathed, and ended the day with dinner."

Death: "The body, in full imperial military attire of golden armour, with purple tunic and cloak, was carried upon a gorgeous bier to the funeral pyre outside the city, followed by his sons, now joint Emperors of the Roman world, the court, the military staff, and such portions of the Army as were then at Eboracum.

" . . . The body was laid upon the pyre, and the whole assembly, headed by the new Emperors, marched in solemn procession around it, those who were especially indebted to *Severus* throwing gifts upon the erection. Then the two sons, with faces averted according to ancient custom, applied the torch, and the flames consumed all that was mortal of the first Roman emperor to die in Britain.

"The ashes were carefully collected, placed in a vase, either of porphyry or alabaster, and ultimately conveyed to Rome, where they were deposited in the tomb of his predecessor, *Marcus Aurelius*."

Thus our antiquary-author; with very much else on Romano-British life; on living and means of living, roads and forts and defensive walls, shops, public buildings, baths and basilica, forum, theatre, and villa, work and games, jewellery and furniture,

clothes, currency, religion and burials, doctors and colds—with gargling with honey-water. Even on *Diocletian's Edict of Prices*,

"produced in A.D. 301 to check the high cost of living, partially caused by his own action in reforming the coinage."

And proving once again that in bathing and heating arrangements . . . Old Rome—with its furnaces and hypocausts—was often better off than much of modern Britain.

"Instead of the dust and draught-producing open fire of coal, one, or in the larger houses, two or more furnaces warmed the whole building. Outside the house was a furnace burning wood or charcoal. Its heat was carried through the foundation walls and under the floors of the principal rooms, which were composed of concrete and large slabs of tile supported on short, closely set pillars of brick or stone.

To create a draught, and incidentally a means of warming the sides of the rooms, flues were run



TEN-SIDED: THE MULTANGULAR CORNER BASTION (WESTERN) OF THE CASTRA OF EBORACUM.

"It appears that ten-sided bastions were thrown out at each of the four corners of the parallelogram at some period subsequent to the building of the stone walls. The upper half of the bastion is mediæval work. In the length of Roman curtain wall to the right, a roughly filled-in hole appears between the trees. From the evidence of a seventeenth-century engraving, it would appear that this damage was caused by a bombardment during the Civil War."

Reproduced from "Roman York," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd.

works. . . . Thirdly, there were the *quaestores*, or revenue officers, who controlled the revenue and expenditure of the colony. . . . During the earlier period of the Empire at least the *duoviri*, the *adiles*, and the *quaestores* were elected by popular vote from the ranks of the *decuriones*. Entrance to the charmed circle was rigidly guarded, petty tradesmen, gladiators, actors, exiles, bankrupts, persons guilty of libel or collusive accusation, infamously immoral persons, pimps, anyone who had conspired against the life of a Roman citizen, soldiers expelled from the army, soldiers who had lost their rank on service, and convicts being excluded. Among the disqualifed trades were those of undertaker and public crier."

Eboracum, the Colony, however, belongs to the time after Hadrian, the period of progressive decline, and probably did not know election by popular vote. Was it not *Severus* who said: "Pamper the soldiery; despise everybody else!"

And mention of *Severus* recalls Major Home's reconstruction of that Emperor's day—and death. The day: "Severus rose before dawn and transacted public business until noon. He then rode out for an hour or so, and, on his return, went through physical exercise before the bath. Luncheon followed. He ate heartily, and was not particular as to the variety of his food, hating elaborate and expensive banquets. He also was not fond of much company at table. After the mid-day repast he took the usual southern siesta, and later settled down to affairs again. Followed a walk with a congenial companion (at Eboracum it would no doubt have frequently been *Papinianus*) with whom he could chat, preferably on literary subjects. Returning to

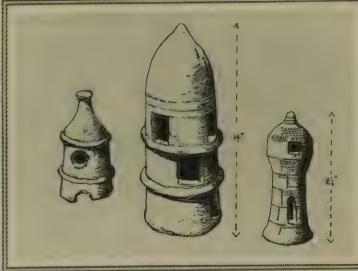
up in the thickness of the walls. . . . Upon the concrete floors were laid, in good buildings, mosaic or small tiles—a form of carpet always warm to the feet so long as the stokers attended to their duties and the supply of charcoal was not interfered with."

Incidentally, it may be noted that Major Home refutes the oft-made claim that Constantine, first "Christian" Emperor of Rome, had Eboracum as birthplace, arguing, with an array of proofs before him, that, although it is possible to construct a theory to show that Constantine was born in Britain, it cannot be determined that he was born at Eboracum, and that even the theory is so fragile that it will scarce bear handling. The truth was probably in the pen of the anonymous chronicler of the *Excerpta Valesiana* when he wrote: "Constantine was born and brought up in the town of Naisus (the modern Nish); his mother *Helena* was of very low birth, and he had very little scholastic education. This town he afterwards magnificently adorned." Perhaps it matters little in the story of Christianity: Constantine's "vision of a cross in the sky" during the campaign begun in 312 had tardy effect, for the Emperor was baptised on his death-bed, in 337!

There we must leave "Roman York," wishing it well and assured of its welcome. It cannot but interest, and it is to be hoped that it will lead, as its writer wishes, to further excavations designed to answer a hundred questions as to the ancient city that was Rome's central point of defence against invaders from the north—from the first century of the Christian era the most northerly military base of importance in the Roman Empire."—E. H. G.

WHEN YORK WAS EBORACUM: RELICS OF THE CITY THAT

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS REPRODUCED FROM "ROMAN YORK," BY MAJOR GORDON HOME. (SEE PAGE 349.)

USED EVEN WHILE WAX TABLETS AND *STILI* WERE FAVOURED: A ROMAN INK-POT, IN TERRACOTTA.

FOR THE FLUES BELONGING TO THE CENTRAL HEATING EQUIPMENT OF ROMAN BUILDINGS: TERRACOTTA COWLS.



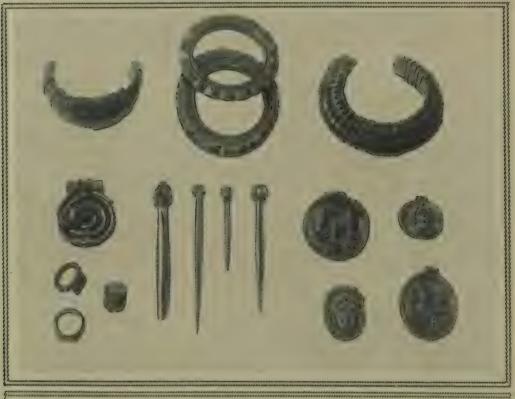
PLACED ALONG THE EAVES TO MASK THE JOINTS OF THE TILING: TERRACOTTA ANTEFIXAE.



THE APPEARANCE OF A ROOF OF A ROMANO-BRITISH HOUSE IN YORK: ROMAN ROOFING TILES AND THREE ANTEFIXAE.



FOUND IN THE COFFIN OF A ROMANO-BRITISH GIRL: BRACELETS, A GLASS CARAFE, AND AN INSCRIPTION SUGGESTING CHRISTIAN BURIAL.



JET OBJECTS FOUND IN YORK: BRACELETS, WHICH WERE VERY POPULAR WITH THE WOMEN OF EBORACUM; PINS; RINGS; PENDANTS; AND A SCARAB.



REMARKABLY PRESERVED: THE HAIR OF A ROMANO-BRITISH LADY—FOUND IN A STONE COFFIN ON THE SITE OF THE PRESENT RAILWAY-STATION.

WAS ROME'S MOST VITAL NORTHERN MILITARY BASE.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS REPRODUCED FROM "ROMAN YORK," BY MAJOR GORDON HOME. (SEE PAGE 349.)



A GROUP SUGGESTING THAT SAMIAN POTTERY WAS MADE IN YORK: MOULDS FOR SAMIAN POTTERY (TOP LEFT AND RIGHT); AND TERRACOTTA LAMPS (ONE WITH TWO BURNERS).



THE HUSBAND WITH HIS ARM ABOUT HIS WIFE'S SHOULDERS: A FAMILY GROUP ON A SEPULCHRAL MONUMENT.



SMALL OBJECTS OF BRONZE: A STATUETTE OF HERCULES; BULL'S HEADS (POSSIBLY MITHRAIC CHARMS); A "PRIESTESS" AND A "CUPID."



A MEMORIAL TO THE WIFE AND CHILD OF A SOLDIER OF THE 6TH LEGION.



POSSIBLY MILITARY: A MONUMENT TO A SMITH—WORKING AT AN ANVIL.



WITH THE SIGNUM OF THE COHORT IN THE RIGHT HAND: THE MONUMENT TO L. DUCIUS RUFINUS, A STANDARD-BEARER OF THE NINTH LEGION.

The illustrations given on this double-page are from Major Gordon Home's remarkably interesting book on "Roman York, the Legionary Headquarters and Colony of Eboracum," concerning which something is said on page 349. Such relics are of the greatest importance, not only as throwing light upon Romano-British life in Eboracum when it was the most northerly military base of importance in the Roman Empire, but as emphasising the suggestion that further excavations should take place in York, for it is certain that there is much more to be discovered. With regard to our photographs, we may add the following notes: Writing was carried on largely by means of pens, ink and paper, although wax tablets and *stili* were also in common use.—The Roman system of warming houses by central heating is famous and was most effective. The heat from the furnaces was carried through the foundation walls and under the floors of the chief rooms. Flues running up into the thickness of the walls created a draught and warmed the sides of the rooms. In this connection, it is particularly interesting to note the statement that this particular Roman system of central heating is to be adopted in the new Liverpool

Cathedral.—The sepulchral monument to Aelia Aeliana is possibly of the late second century, and was probably erected to the wife of the man shown. The roofing tiles and antefixae were collected from various parts of the York Museum, and laid by Major Home as shown. In order that the appearance of the roof of a Romano-British house in Eboracum might be obtained.—On the slip of pierced bone shown in the photograph of articles found in the coffin of a Roman lady is the inscription, "S(OR)O(R)AVE VIVAS IN DEO," from which it is inferred that the burial was a Christian one.—Two of the jet bracelets shown are made in a number of sections. In two instances the heads on the pendants appear to have been made as portraits. One of the pins has its head formed into a thistle.—Jet pins were found in the hair illustrated.—In the memorial to the wife and child of a soldier of the Sixth Legion, some incised letters are almost indecipherable. The legible portion has been picked out with red paint, and in one or two letters does not seem correctly to follow the incisions.—L. Ducius Rufinus died at the age of twenty-eight. The Signum of his cohort is in his right hand, and in his left is a small box.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

STICK-INSECTS.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

CASES by the hundred can be cited of animals, some holding a high and some a lowly position in the scale of life, which have lost all the characteristic features of their tribe, whereby the ordinary man might know them, and have assumed a likeness sometimes to dead twigs, green leaves, or flowers, tufts of lichen, and so on. Sometimes this likeness is so perfect as to deceive, at any rate for the moment, the very elect. The insects furnish a bewildering number of cases of this kind, and some are so perfect as to leave those who see them for the first time well-nigh breathless with astonishment.

The "stick" and "leaf-insects," and their cousins the mantidae, known as the "soothsayers" or "praying-insects," afford some most marvellous instances of this kind. And these modifications of shape have come to effect two exactly opposite purposes. For on the one hand they secure concealment from predatory foes, by the closeness of their likeness to twigs or to foliage; on the other, on account of this same likeness, the predatory species are so perfectly disguised that their victims can be seized before they realise that danger is near them! For the moment, however, I want to speak more particularly of the "stick-insects," so called because of their singular likeness to pieces of dead twigs. In one species—*Lonchodes*, from the Malay Archipelago—the body is so excessively attenuated that it is scarcely thicker than the long, thread-like legs! Though more than 600 species have been described, from various parts of the world, only four or five kinds are found in Europe, and they are all confined to the south; but one of them occurs as far north as Central France. Australia seems to be their stronghold.

But there is one species commonly to be seen in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, as well as in private hands, which is particularly interesting. This is *Carausius morosus*—it has no other name in common speech than "stick-insect." But it breeds freely in confinement. I myself have bred thousands, and am now starting with a fresh stock. They breed, as I say, freely in confinement; but, strangely enough, thousands

SUSPENDED HEAD DOWNWARDS FROM PRIVET: A FEMALE STICK-INSECT, WITH FORE-LEGS HELD TOGETHER.

can be reared without the appearance among them of a single male, wherein this species agrees with the aphides, which are also parthenogenetic. Among these insects, however, males appear at the end of the breeding season; but one may go on hatching out the "stick-insect" by the thousand for years

its native land; but it is commonly supposed to be an Indian species, though, according to some, it hails from the East Indies. It is a very sluggish creature, and will hang for hours motionless, suspended sometimes head downwards, or by its front pair of legs, which are stretched out and held closely together, like long antennae—which, by the way, are held immediately under the legs, as if for protection. In the photograph of the female the body hangs head downwards from a twig of privet, its favourite food. If handled, it will commonly draw the legs close together,

The eggs of these singular insects are as remarkable as their bodies, for they are enclosed within a hard capsule, presenting many striking features. The egg-capsule of the species which forms the subject of these photographs, it will be noticed, has the typical ovoid shape. At one end is a lid, in the centre of which is mounted a small spherical knob, as if to serve as a handle. The capsule is of a coffee-brown colour, the little knob cream colour. In *Lonchodes* the capsule is delicately sculptured, and bears a medallion in the centre; while the handle of the lid is formed by a miniature cross!

These eggs are not deposited on the leaves of the food plant, as in the case of butterflies, for example, but are discharged at random, to fall to the ground and take their chance. As a rule, not more than twenty or thirty seem to be laid in any one season. But in one species, *Diapheromera femorata*, as many as a hundred are produced; and so numerous are the laying females that we are told the noise caused by the dropping of the eggs resembles the patterning of raindrops! When the young are ready to emerge they thrust off the lid of the capsule and creep out, often dragging the empty case about with them for an hour or two at the end of the body. They grow at a prodigious rate, and this process of expansion begins even as they emerge, so that by the time they have escaped from the unyielding walls of their prison it seems incredible that it could ever have contained so large a body. At each moult the same rate of increase is maintained. As each limb is withdrawn from its old shell it becomes about one-fourth longer and thicker than the case from which it has just been withdrawn.

In species which bear wings these appendages do not make their appearance until the second moult, and they do not attain to their full size until the third moult. Some species moult many times, and are correspondingly long in arriving at maturity. Others moult but twice, and attain to their full growth in six weeks. The eggs laid by the female I now possess took about eight months to hatch; but in some species no young emerge from the capsule until the second year after the laying of the egg.

As touching the size attained by stick-insects, it may be remarked that the giants of to-day



A LIVING "LEAF": THE FEMALE PULCHRIPHYLLIUM, A GREEN STICK-INSECT.

"The 'Pulchriphyllum' is one of the 'stick-insects' wherein the body is disguised by the modification of the fore-wings, which look like green leaves and are useless for flight. Leaf-like expansions are also borne on the legs. The disguise is still further aided by the flattening of the abdomen, on which the wings rest. The leaf-green colour of the whole insect makes detection an exceedingly difficult matter."

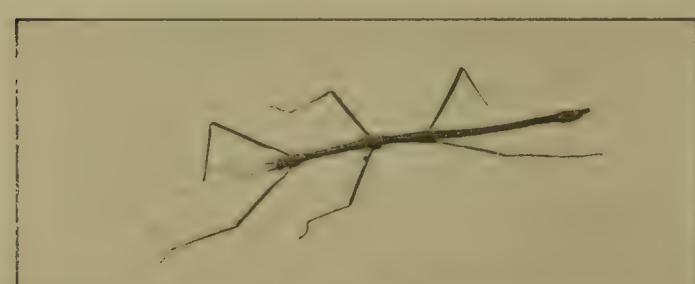
Photograph by E. J. Manly.

till it looks like a dead twig, and will remain for some time absolutely motionless. If thrown down amongst twigs deprived of their leaves it is exceedingly difficult to distinguish the insect from the apparently dead bits of wood.

In some species the body is studded with spiny outgrowths, and these produce a singularly close likeness to a thorny twig, affording a no less efficient protection during the period when the insect is feigning



CARRYING THE REMAINS OF THE NEWLY MOULTED SKIN AT THE END OF THE TAIL: A YOUNG STICK-INSECT.



EXCESSIVELY RARE—ONLY ONE APPEARING AMONG THOUSANDS OF FEMALES: THE MALE STICK-INSECT, MUCH SMALLER AND THINNER.

without the appearance of a single male. I may be wrong, but I believe that no more than two have ever been bred in this country, and these are in the British Museum of Natural History.

As a reference to the adjoining photographs will show, the male is much smaller than the female, and neither, it will be noticed, shows any trace of wings. No one seems to know when it was first introduced into this country; neither is anything known as to



SHOWING THE CURIOUS LID AND ITS CENTRAL KNOB: EGG CAPSULES OF A STICK-INSECT.



FEIGNING DEATH: A FEMALE STICK-INSECT LYING BESIDE A TWIG OF PRIVET, FROM WHICH IT IS HARD TO DISTINGUISH HER.

death to escape being eaten. Wings, often of considerable size, are commonly present in stick-insects. In such cases the fore-wings, which form the "elytra," or wing-covers of the beetles and cockroaches, are reduced to mere vestiges. Often the great hind-wings, when fully expanded, are brilliantly coloured, and in such cases the anterior margin is marked by a broad band of a duller tint, so that when the wing is closed the bright hues are concealed.

do not exceed a length of nine inches; but a primitive ancestral species from the carboniferous formation at Compton attainted to a length of nearly two feet, and had an expanse of wing exceeding two feet. The female shown in the accompanying photograph measures just $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches from head to tail— $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches if the measurement be taken from the tip of the extended fore-legs to the tail.

A CENTRE OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN THE ROYAL FAMILY.

FROM A PHOTO-ETCHING (BY SPECIAL PROCESS) BY JAMES BACON AND SONS, OF NEW BOND STREET AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



THEIR MAJESTIES' ONLY DAUGHTER: PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES—HER LATEST PORTRAIT.

As the only daughter of the King and Queen, Princess Mary has always been an object of great solicitude, both in the Royal Family, and to the nation at large, to whom she has endeared herself by her character and public activities. Her marriage to Viscount Lascelles in Westminster Abbey, on February 28, 1922, was the occasion of a great demonstration of popular affection. Latterly she and her husband have been living quietly at their country home, Goldsborough Hall, in

Yorkshire. Needless to say, there is special interest just now in the Princess and her welfare, and this was increased recently by the news that the Queen had gone to stay with her. On Sunday, August 17, her Majesty, accompanied by Viscount Lascelles, attended service in the village church, and on the same day the King motored over to Goldsborough from Bolton Abbey, where he was the guest of the Duke of Devonshire. Our portrait is an example of a new method of photo-etching.

HAUNT OF THE NEW WORLD'S LARGEST LIZARDS: A DEAD SEA.

BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AND DR. G. KINGSLEY NOBLE, ASSISTANT CURATOR OF HERPETOLOGY.



SHOWING A WILD PIG STARTLED BY THE APPROACH OF MAN: LAKE ENRIQUILLO, IN SANTO DOMINGO—A DEAD SEA, 130 FT. BELOW SEA-LEVEL—WHOSE CLIFFS ARE HAUNTED BY HUGE LIZARDS.



EXPLORING AN ISLAND IN THE DEAD SEA IN SEARCH OF THE RHINOCEROS IGUANA: "A GREAT SAND FLAT ADORNED WITH ENORMOUS CANDELABRA-LIKE CACTI."



"THERE WERE NO BOATS ON THE LAKE . . . AS FISH DID NOT EXIST IN WATER 50 PER CENT. MORE SALINE THAN OCEAN": DRAGGING A BOAT ACROSS MILES OF MUD TO THE EDGE OF LAKE ENRIQUILLO, TO EMBARK FOR AN ISLAND UNVISITED FOR TWENTY YEARS, IN QUEST OF IGUANAS.



"LOST TO SCIENCE FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS": A DOMINICAN SPIKE-TAILED IGUANA (*CYCLURA RICORDII*), A "TUSKLESS" SPECIES.

IN his article entitled "Trailing the Rhinoceros Iguana" (in "Natural History," the magazine of the American Museum), Dr. G. Kingsley Noble describes how specimens of these reptiles, the largest of the rock lizards, were obtained in Santo Domingo, in the West Indies. "Some of the natives," he writes, "said that out in Lake Enriquillo there was an island abounding in gigantic iguanas. No one had been to the island for twenty years. Enriquillo was a dead sea and there were no boats on the lake. . . . A few days later, however, the town of Duvergé was startled by the sight of a boat carried aloft on a Marine Corps' truck. . . . Early on the morrow eight pairs of hands dragged the boat across the two miles of quaking mud to the water's edge. Four miles of open water stretched between the island and ourselves. A strong wind had already sprung up and the waves washed dangerously close to the gunwale. . . . Suddenly a great black snout arose from the green waters. It was a crocodile, perhaps 12 ft. long. . . . A crocodile in a dead sea, landlocked, and separated from the ocean by forty miles, must lead a precarious existence. Surely he must be very hungry! Two hours later we reached the island. It was a long sand spit 12 miles in length by a mile wide. Strange candelabra-like cacti confronted our eyes on all

[Continued below.]



A "TUSKED" LIZARD: THE RHINOCEROS IGUANA (*CYCLURA CORNUFA*), THE LARGEST OF THE ROCK IGUANAS, FROM SANTO DOMINGO.

Continued.

sides. As we moved inland, there was a rush and four grotesque saurians charged out from under some fallen cacti. Before they disappeared, I noted that they lacked the tusk of the rhinoceros iguana, but were equipped instead with numerous whorls of spikes on the tail. They were, in fact, a different species—*Cyclura ricordii*—and one that had been lost to science for fifty years. We soon found

that these lizards were everywhere on the island. Unlike the rhinoceros iguanas, they dug holes into the flat, salt-encrusted playas. Of the rhinoceros iguana we could find no trace. . . . After hunting a half day we gave up and went back to the boats. . . . A few days later we . . . struck out for Lake Saumâtre on the Haitian border."

TRACKING THE "TUSKED" LIZARD: EGGS HATCHED IN SAND; A BURROW.

BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AND DR. G. KINGSLEY NOBLE, ASSISTANT CURATOR OF HERPETOLOGY.



CLUES THAT LED TO A DISCOVERY: "DAMP SAND AND BROKEN EGGSHHELLS SUGGESTED THAT YOUNG TURTLES OR OTHER REPTILES MIGHT HAVE RECENTLY HATCHED."



THE DISCOVERY: "MANUEL BEGAN TO DIG AND SOON FOUND FIVE NESTS CONTAINING THESE EGGSHHELLS—A FEW WITH HATCHING RHINOCEROS IGUANAS."



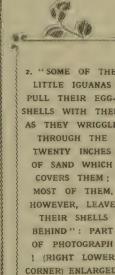
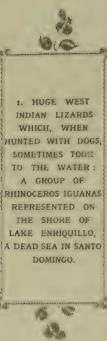
"THE HOME OF THE RHINOCEROS IGUANA ON THE WESTERN SHORE OF LAKE ENRIQUILLO": THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE BURROWS "CLAWED THROUGH FOSSIL CORALS SOMETIMES FOR A LENGTH OF 40 FT."

One problem which Dr. Noble, in his expedition to Santo Domingo (mentioned on the previous page) set out to solve was: "Where did the iguanas lay their eggs?" In an islet called Beata, off Haiti (the western end of Santo Domingo) the party came to a little clearing. "I began to inspect the ground closely," he writes, "and came at length upon some broken egg-shells. They were larger than chicken's eggs, but shrivelled and leathery in appearance. They could not be turtle eggs, for most of these have hard shells like those of a chicken. Could they be iguana eggs? Manuel was on his knees and digging. He was nearly

down to his arm-pit when he abruptly jerked up, and there in his hand was a tiny iguana in the very act of hatching from an egg. We now began digging everywhere in the sandy clearing. In a space 150 by 70 ft. we found five nests. Obviously, the iguanas were somewhat gregarious during the breeding season. This was of special interest, for the rhinoceros iguana is supposed to be related to the Central American iguana, which is known to dig holes in sandy areas similar to the one we had just discovered. . . . The young were cross-barred with black, very much in the manner of certain species of 'black' iguanas (*Ctenosaura*)."

RHINOCEROS IGUANAS—"TUSKED" GIANTS OF THE LIVING LIZARDS: LAND REPTILES OF AQUATIC CAPACITY.

BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AND DR. G. KINGSLY NOBLE, ASSISTANT CURATOR OF HERPETOLOGY.



In his article quoted on page 354, describing an expedition in quest of rhinoceros iguanas, Dr. G. Kingsley Noble writes: "Blanched cliffs of jagged corals shut in on both sides the viscid waters of Lake Enriquillo. . . . When the sun has reached its fullest intensity, great, dark-skinned lizards here and there slide out from the tunnels which they have clawed through these cliffs of coral limestone. Wagging their ponderous heads in mechanical-toy fashion, they gaze with seeming contentment upon their desolate world." Later, the party explored an island in Lake Saumatre, on the Haitian border. "Suddenly," writes Dr. Noble, "a dog's yap broke the silence, followed by a rattle of short barks. There was a scramble, and then an iguana—mouth agape—shot from the brush, with the dog close at his heels. The reptile turned at bay a yard from the water, but the little dog dove at him. Another scurry, and both dog and iguana splashed into the water. The little dog came out quickly. . . . The iguana was surely to be drowned, I thought, when after nearly five minutes . . .

a dark object rose slowly towards the surface. . . . The reptile saw the two excited dogs and the four humans gazing at him. With a gulp he dove again into the blue depths of the lake. These singular actions made clear to me a problem that had long been a puzzle. . . . Although the iguanas avoid the sea, nevertheless, when thrown by accident into it, they are perfectly at home. Potentially, they are water reptiles." A Haitian boy plunged in and caught this particular iguana. Later, on another island called Beata, off the coast, the same dog chased an enormous iguana into its burrow. "Suddenly a shrill yelp arose from the depths, and the little dog came charging out—dripping with blood. He had been badly bitten in the head. We hastened to bandage him up and sent him back to camp." Over forty iguanas were taken alive to New York, and many were sent to Bronx Park. Some proved quite tractable and playful with their keepers. More surprising still, though apparently vegetarians, they took kindly to a diet of mice when the supply of bananas ran low.

AFRICAN INDUSTRIES AS ENCOURAGED UNDER BRITISH RULE: NATIVE CRAFTSMANSHIP DEMONSTRATED AT WEMBLEY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL
ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

ARTS AND CRAFTS IN "THE WALLED CITY OF WEST AFRICA": (1) METAL WORK;
(5) AND (6) POTTERS; (7) HAUSA EMBROIDERY; (8) BRASS-WORK;

British rule in Africa has turned the native from a savage into a civilised being, free from the terrors of tribal warfare and of slavery, and able to follow his occupation in peace and security. In West Africa handicraft has not yet been displaced by machinery and mass production, and the artisan remains an artist. Many interesting examples of his methods and productions are to be seen at Wembley, in the Walled City of West Africa, which represents the three Colonies of Nigeria, the Gold Coast, and Sierra Leone, each having a separate pavilion. The African Village, inhabited by West Africans under native conditions, is divided into four compounds, and occupied by members of various races, including Hausas, Yorubas, Fantis, and Mendis. "The houses," says the official "Guide" to the Exhibition, "are made of sun-dried bricks, and vary somewhat in type. Workshops show different tribesmen, and their wives at

(2) CARVING BOWLS; (3) ORNAMENTAL IRONWORK; (4) CARVING SPOONS;
(9, 10, 11, 12) WEAVING—WITH FOUR DIFFERENT TYPES OF LOOMS.

work on their special crafts. Some are busy weaving; others are fashioning intricate embroidery, or carving wood and gourds. Some make mats and baskets. Our artist titles his drawings thus: "(1) Kofi Kyem, son of Chief Bantama, an Ashanti warrior, as a metal-worker, making cement for moulds. Note the curious furnace on the left. (2) Wood-carver, carving plaques and bowls; (3) A blacksmith engaged in ornamental ironwork; (4) Kwaku Brempa, son of the late King of Ashanti, as a wood-carver, fashioning spoons; (5) Akosu Baa, daughter of the Queen-Mother of Tafo, as a potter, making a bowl; (6) Potters colouring, mixing colours, and glazing; (7) Hausa embroiderers sewing designs on cloth and leather; (8) A brass-worker cutting a sheet of metal; (9) A Gold Coast weaver; (10) A weaver; (11) Mr. Tay, of Quitta, Gold Coast Colony, as a weaver, preparing thread; (12) A weaver."—*Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.*

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

EARLIER in the present year the name of one poet occurred so often on this page that at last I was compelled to pass a self-denying (and reader-sparing) ordinance, and promise that it should not appear again until the publication of a long-promised biography should justify the vain repetition. The biography, however, still taries, but it seems as if my resolution must be broken, not only because two other books upon the same subject have meanwhile been issued, but certain personal circumstances have provided me with a cue very hard to ignore. The cue arises from holidays, and as this is a holiday article, more or less, and a Scottish holiday at that, the breach of faith may possibly find excuse.

Within the last day or two I have visited a northern district where the poet in question used to spend his earliest school holidays—that romantic hill-country which inspired several of his best-known poems. He carried the memory of those mountains, woods, and waters through life, and in his after-pilgrimages no highland region, however distant, failed to recall the scenes of his childhood. The accuracy and vividness of his recollection is the more remarkable that in all probability he never revisited those haunts after he was nine years old. But he made them his own in song, and with them his name has become linked inseparably.

It was fitting, therefore, that in this, the centenary year of the poet's death, some special commemoration should be made of his love for that fair countryside. Every other place that could in any way claim a link with his memory has held its celebration, and now a society that exists to study the historical, scientific, and literary associations of the valley of the Dee has made pious pilgrimage to the farm of Ballaterach—about four-and-a-half miles east of Ballater—where the young Byron spent part of three successive summers. On the day of the Deeside Field Club's visit, the Clerk of the Weather was in his most gracious mood. Under brilliant sunshine, heather in its richest purple, feathery birch of an almost spring-like green, and the more sombre passages of towering mountains and massed pine-woods presented a landscape of unrivalled majesty and beauty, through which the river, Byron's "sweet-flowing Dee," wound in shimmering silver. Directly opposite the place of meeting rose "the rocks that o'er-shadow Culblean," and although from that point "dark Lochnagar" was not actually visible, his soaring peak kept the party company, both going and returning. It was a perfect Deeside day, just such a day and scene as the poet must have had in mind when long afterwards he recalled the influence and associations of "the highlands' swelling blue." From the Troad, his memory leaped back to Deeside, "and Lochnagar with Ida looked o'er Troy."

The Club, under the chairmanship of its President, the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, sat down on a slope of pleasant turf overlooking the farm and commanding the valley of the Dee with its wide amphitheatre of hills. The first business of the afternoon was scientific—a paper on "Evidences of the Ice Age in Cromar," by Lady Mac-Robert (Rachel Bullock Workman), B.Sc., F.G.S., etc. The lecturer gave a brilliant and fascinating account of glacial phenomena in the district. From science the club then turned to literature, and recalled Byron's connection with Ballaterach and the surrounding neighbourhood. The farmhouse has been greatly altered since 1795-97, and the poet's bed, which used to attract pilgrims to the place, perished by fire long ago. But the natural features have not changed, and tradition is still alive. It was at Ballaterach that the little Byron fell in love with the farmer's daughter, Mary Robertson, the Mary of "When I roved a young Highlander." She was believed to be considerably older than her boy lover, but recent research has shown that this is a mistake arising from the inaccurate statement of Mary's age on her tombstone in the churchyard of Glentanar. From the parish registers it appears that she was only two-and-a-half years the poet's senior.

Not far from Ballaterach lies the farm of Greystone, which Byron used often to visit. There they still point out the rough mountain track up which he used to come, to amuse himself with the turning-lathe and tools in a carpenter's shop belonging to the farmer, whose great-grandson is still tenant. The shop and lathe have vanished, but a few of the original tools remain. These implements suffered from the boy's inexpert handling—so much so that he became a terror, and the farmer used to post his children as scouts to notify the approach of the young spoiler. When he was seen, the shop was locked up, and the owner made himself scarce. "There was," says tradition, "nae other way o' daein' wi' him."

The club also discussed the problem of Byron's supposed return to Upper Deeside, and in this connection some new information came to light. Hitherto the sole evidence of any later visit rested on the testimony of John Davidson, an old gillie in the service of the Farquharsons of Invercauld, who said that Byron had returned and had climbed Lochnagar under his guidance. Davidson took Byron to be about sixteen or seventeen, but more likely (if the story is true) he was fifteen, and the date 1803, in which year his whereabouts are for a time obscure. If he came back at all in 1803, it must have been between the end of summer

term at Harrow and Oct. 25, for from the latter date until Jan. 23, 1804, his whereabouts are accounted for in Admiral Sutton's shooting diary, recently quoted in the *Morning Post*. The whole question of Byron's return to Scotland is obscure and difficult, and one is inclined to take Davidson's story with more than a grain of salt. But a guest of the Field Club who had been pursuing the subject in the district brought forward another curious story. This was the claim of the late Rev. James Smith, schoolmaster of Glenmuick, to have acted as Byron's guide up Lochnagar. Now Mr. Smith, who died on Sept. 2, 1875, aged eighty-eight, was obviously too young in 1797 to climb Lochnagar as caretaker of another boy. In 1803, however, he was sixteen, and perfectly capable of acting as guide. Did his story, then, point to a later return?

The question remains speculative, but Mr. Smith's story is at least noteworthy. Against it, however, must be placed the tendency to self-deception which beset local admirers of Byron. In his old age, Mr. David Grant, an Aberdeen schoolmaster (not of the Grammar School) used to boast that he had "taught Byron." This is absurd, for

any sketch, however excellent. His complexities demand, first of all, a full and careful study of origins.

Turning from the literary to the sporting associations of Royal Deeside, I have been reading, with the added pleasure of local appropriateness, Mr. Alexander Inkson McConnochie's goodly volume, "THE DEER FORESTS OF SCOTLAND: HISTORICAL, DESCRIPTIVE, SPORTING" (Witherby; 25s.). And chiefly, I suppose, because of my whereabouts at the present moment and my recent pre-occupations, I have turned first to the pages describing the forests of Balmoral, Glencallater, Glenmuick, Glentanar, Invercauld and Mar. Mr. McConnochie tells us that when the Prince Consort bought Balmoral, Donald Stewart, the under-forester, was retained in the Royal service. Later, when Stewart was appointed head-forester, his commission was countersigned by Queen Victoria. "Forester" is the correct designation, although latterly "stalker" is more commonly used, as anyone who reads the northern sporting news must be aware. After the Prince Consort's death, Queen Victoria took the keenest personal interest in the management of the forest; not a rifle was out without her express orders, and a nightly report of the day's sport was made out personally by the forester. "The Stag Book was regularly written up by her Majesty, she also adding pen-and-ink sketches of special heads. On the outbreak of a snowstorm she invariably sent the forester a telegram not to forget to lay out food for the deer." The author says he may quote "with advantage" a remark of Stewart's: "Should I live to be a hundred years old, I'd still be learning something new of the deer." Mr. McConnochie gives one an inkling of how large that subject is.

Besides its purely sporting technicalities, descriptions, and statistics, this book is full of pleasant anecdotal digressions, which will commend it even to readers who never can hope to take a hand in the royal game of deer-stalking. By this morning's paper I see that prospects in Ballochbuie are very good, and here, pat on the reading, comes Mr. McConnochie with a romantic story of that lovely region. "There is a tradition that Ballochbuie was sold to a Farquharson by a Macgregor for a tartan plaid—some add at the point of a dirk. This is referred to in the inscription which Queen Victoria caused to be engraved on a stone in the forest: 'Queen Victoria entered into possession of Ballochbuie on the 15th day of May, 1878. 'The bonniest plaid in Scotland.'"

Invercauld Mr. McConnochie calls one of the most desirable forests in Scotland. Within its boundaries is some of the finest scenery in Deeside; the mansion is of historical interest, and has an exceedingly picturesque situation on the left bank of the river; Balmoral is in the immediate neighbourhood; access is easy and, most important of all to the sportsman, deer and all manner of Highland game are plentiful." To hark back for a moment to the theme with which this article opened. Byron had vivid memories of "the dark frowning mountains which rise near Invercauld, together with the romantic rocks that overshadow Mar Lodge, a seat of Lord Fife's, and the Cataract of the Dee, which dashes down the declivity with impetuous violence in the grounds adjoining the house." So he wrote in 1805. According to the gillie Davidson, at the time of the problematic return and ascent of Lochnagar, Byron was a guest at Invercauld and went on afterwards to stay at Mar Lodge. But documentary evidence of these visits either does not exist or has not come to light.

Resuming the account of that other enthusiast for the Deeside Highlands, we learn from Mr. McConnochie that few houses in the Highlands can show heads of the eighteenth century: the oldest in Invercauld bears date 1795. King Edward's stalking in Invercauld is represented by a ten-pointer killed on Craig Leachda in 1871 and a switch-horn killed the following year. Our notes and quotations are only a small sample of the information and entertainment in a survey of all the deer-stalking regions of Scotland, which should find a place in every sportsman's library.

There lies before me also Mr. McConnochie's "DEER STALKING IN SCOTLAND" (Witherby; 10s. 6d.), with an introduction by the Duke of Atholl. The two volumes are complementary, the former chiefly topographical, the latter a technical guide to the sport, always enlivened, however, by the excellent anecdote told very often in the pithy vernacular of the stalker. "Deerstalking," by the way, contains two inevitable references to Byron, whose line, "Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air" is quoted as keynote to the work. Both works are well illustrated.

Finally, the holiday-maker in Caledonia ought to put in his pocket or knapsack Mr. Gordon Home's agreeable little work, "THROUGH THE BORDERS TO THE HEART OF SCOTLAND" (Dent; 2s. 6d.). The route described leads from Tweedside to Aberdeenshire, Moray and Inverness. Mr. Home knows his ground and its associations, and he writes in a pleasant style that evades the traditional faults of the manner known as "guide-booky." He has a sense of proportion that enables him to say neither too much nor too little, and what he says, he says well and accurately.



SHOWING ROMAN MASONRY (MARKED BY ARROW) IN A NEWLY DUG TRENCH: THE SITE OF THE ROMAN FORT OF REGULBIUM (REGULVER), WITH THE TWIN CHURCH TOWERS, NOW IN DANGER OF BEING SOLD FOR BUILDING.

The owner of Reculver, on the Kentish coast, recently decided to sell this historic site in building plots, and Major Gordon Home, the antiquary and artist, appeals for funds to save it. Contributions may be sent to Sir Martin Conway, M.P., Craven House, Northumberland Avenue. Major Home was allowed to dig a trench, and found Roman masonry, pottery, coins, and a javelin head. The two Roman forts of Regulbium (Reculver) and Rutupiae (Richborough) guarded the channel which then separated Thanet from the mainland. The "twin towers" of Reculver are remains of a seventeenth-century church. Major Home's new book, "Roman York," is dealt with on other pages.

Grant was only six years old when the poet left the North in 1798. But if the visit of the Deeside Field Club to Byron's early haunts did not solve the pleasant problem of a later return, it at least demonstrated, by reference on the spot to the poet's local allusions, the wonderful vividness and accuracy of a nine-year-old boy's memories.

Before it closes, this centenary year will have added at least ten volumes to Byron literature. Several of these have already been noticed on this page. Two others, of smaller compass, are "BYRON," by the Bishop of Durham (Cambridge University Press; 2s. 6d.), a lucid and able survey in brief of the poet's life work and character. It is on character that Dr. Hensley Henson dwells chiefly in this appreciation, which was originally delivered as the Rede lecture. The Bishop, though just, does not err on the side of generous judgment. Another comprehensive survey, rather fuller in treatment than is possible within the limits of a lecture, is "BYRON, THE MAN," by R. L. Bellamy (Kegan Paul; 5s.). Mr. Bellamy concerns himself rather with the poet's life and character than with his works. The book is a clear and pleasantly written biographical sketch that does not attempt literary criticism. It is founded largely, as the author acknowledges, on Miss Colburn Mayne's two volumes. Taken as a whole, it presents an impartial portrait, and may be commended as an introduction to the study of Byron. Those who may be visiting any of the Byron countries during the holidays will find these little monographs useful and handy companions, if their pocket or portmanteau has not room for any of the more elaborate recent publications. But Byron cannot be comprehended in

ACTION IN THE SUDAN CRISIS: WAR-SHIPS AND PERSONALITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., G.P.A., PHOTOPRESS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



SENT FROM MALTA WITH A BATTALION FOR SERVICE IN EGYPT IN CONNECTION WITH THE SUDAN CRISIS: THE BATTLE-SHIP "MARLBOROUGH," WHICH RECENTLY ARRIVED AT ALEXANDRIA.



ONE OF THE BRITISH WAR-SHIPS SENT TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE MILITARY FORCES IN THE SUDAN: THE LIGHT CRUISER "WEYMOUTH," WHICH RECENTLY ARRIVED AT PORT SUDAN.



SIRDAR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR LEE STACK.



SAID TO HAVE CABLED FROM EUROPE APPROVING THE ACTING PREMIER'S PROTEST TO BRITAIN: ZAGHLUL PASHA, THE EGYPTIAN PREMIER, IN HOSPITAL AFTER BEING SHOT BY AN EGYPTIAN A FEW WEEKS AGO.



HIGH COMMISSIONER OF EGYPT: LORD ALLENBY LEAVING THE FOREIGN OFFICE AFTER SEEING THE PREMIER.



ACTING PREMIER OF EGYPT DURING ZAGHLUL PASHA'S ABSENCE: MOHAMED PASHA SAID, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.



WHERE BRITISH WAR-SHIPS HAVE ARRIVED AND TROOPS DISEMBARKED SINCE THE RECENT DISTURBANCES: PORT SUDAN, ON THE RED SEA.



SUSPECTED OF PLOTS IN EGYPT: THE EXILED EX-KHEDIVE, ABBAS HILMI, WHO RECENTLY ARRIVED IN BRUSSELS.

After the recent disturbances at Atbara, Khartoum, and Port Sudan (mentioned also on another page), Lord Allenby (High Commissioner of Egypt) and Major-General Sir Lee Stack (Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and Governor-General of the Sudan), who were both on leave in England at the time, had a conference with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald at the Foreign Office. In Cairo, also, there have been meetings between Mr. A. J. Clark Kerr (Acting High Commissioner) and Mohamed Pasha Said (the Acting Premier of Egypt). Zaghlul Pasha, the Premier, whose life was attempted a few weeks ago by an Egyptian student, recently started on a journey to Europe, with a view to a conference with the British Prime Minister. Zaghlul Pasha was reported to have sent a message to Mohamed Pasha endorsing the latter's action over the Sudan crisis, including his protest to Britain.

Mr. Clark Kerr also protested against an Egyptian communiqué which gave the impression that the firing at Atbara was done by British troops and not by the Sudanese Arab Mounted Rifles. Meanwhile British war-ships and troops were despatched in case of emergencies. The light cruiser "Weymouth" and the sloop "Clematis" arrived at Port Sudan, and the battle-ship "Marlborough" at Alexandria, and it was stated that two liners had been chartered to convey troops to Port Sudan from Port Said. It was reported from Cairo on August 13 that a plot against the Government had been discovered, but that it was uncertain whether it was organised by extremists responsible for the Sudan disturbances, or by adherents of the ex-Khedive, Abbas Hilmi. He recently arrived in Brussels, where, it is said, he went under the name of his valet.

A PRETEXT FOR ANTI-BRITISH PROPAGANDA IN EGYPT:

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED



A RACE BETWEEN THE ENGINEERS AND THE RIVER: AN ANXIOUS PERIOD IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE GREAT MAKWAR DAM ON THE BLUE NILE—THE MAKING OF A HUGE SUDD (OR BARRIER) WHICH HAD TO REACH A CERTAIN POINT OF PROGRESS BEFORE THE COMING OF THE ANNUAL NILE FLOODS—A VIEW SHOWING WORKS WHICH HAVE SINCE BEEN ENTIRELY SUBMERGED.



SHOWING TWO BRITISH ENGINEERS IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH AN INSTRUMENT UNDER A WHITE UMBRELLA HELD BY A NATIVE: FOUNDATION WORK ON THE BLUE NILE BED FOR THE MAKWAR DAM.



PROVIDED WITH A NEW PRESSURE GAUGE—STEEL CYLINDERS BUILT INTO THE MASONRY AND CONNECTED BY WIRES TO ELECTRIC METERS: PART OF THE MAKWAR DAM (HALF THE INTENDED HEIGHT).

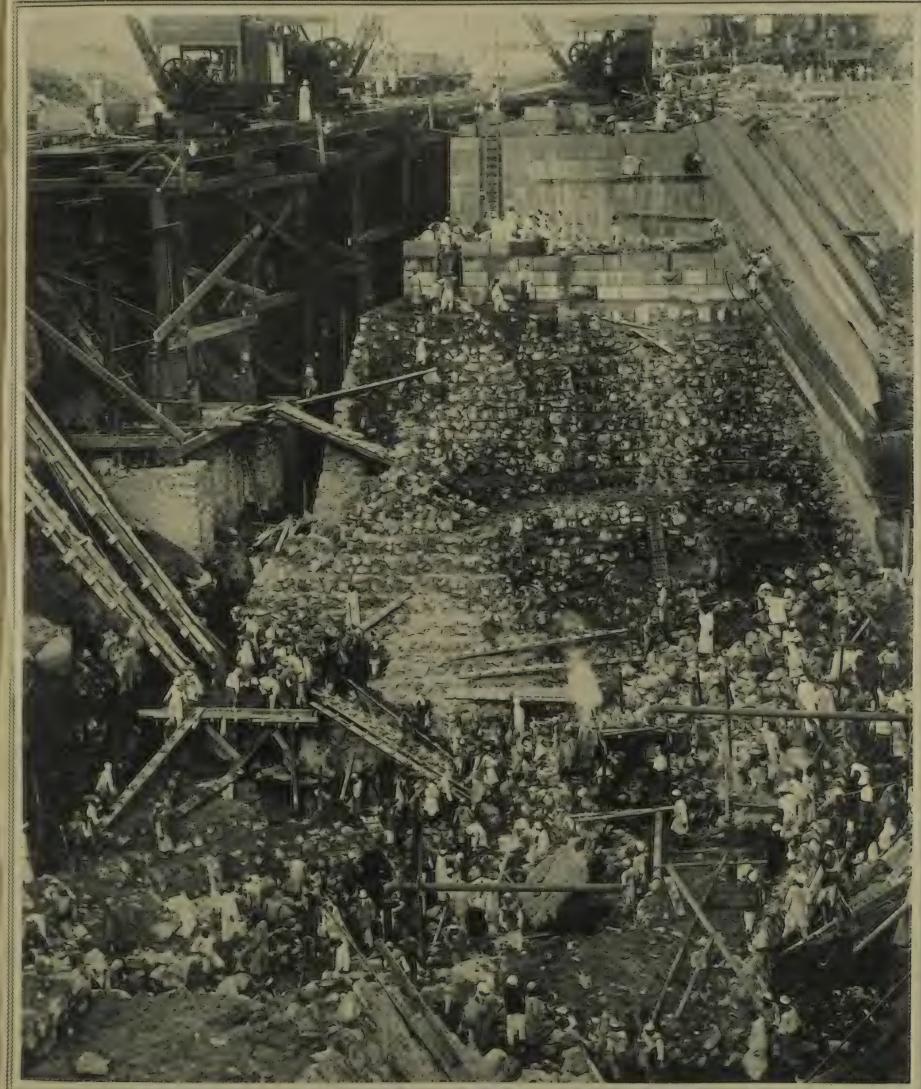


LAVING THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE MAKWAR DAM ON THE BED OF THE BLUE NILE: A VERY IMPORTANT PHASE OF THE WORK, SOMETIMES DELAYED BY THE DISCOVERY OF "POCKETS" OF SOFT SOIL THAT MUST BE FILLED DOWN TO SOLID ROCK.

One of the pretexts put forward in Egypt for claiming the Sudan is a notion that the construction of the Makwar Dam, on the Blue Nile, will enable those in control to cut off the water-supply! Engineers declare that there is water enough and to spare for both countries, and that the work at Makwar will cause a more constant level at the Assoan Dam. But, although responsible opinion agrees that the Egyptian fears are groundless, and that the idea of any such malicious action on the part of Great Britain is not worth serious consideration, the Sudan irrigation scheme, it is said, has been one of the main "planks" of anti-British propaganda. Describing the photographs given above and on the previous page, our correspondent who sends them writes: "The work will provide the Sudan with the world's largest cotton-fields, and will also afford a means of livelihood for thousands of poor Sudanese natives, who up to recent years lived a life worse than dogs under slavery conditions. The Blue Nile Dam will be the largest in the world, and will irrigate, by means of canals which

BUILDING THE WORLD'S LARGEST DAM IN THE SUDAN.

BY TOPICAL.



SUGGESTING THE BUILDING OF THE PYRAMIDS, EXCEPT THAT THE WORKERS ARE NOT SLAVES, BUT FREE MEN UNDER BRITISH RULE: THE CONSTRUCTION OF A GREAT SUDD AT THE MAKWAR DAM, SHOWING A GANTRY BUILT OUT FROM THE BANK ON MASONRY PIERS, WITH A HUGE TIMBER SUPERSTRUCTURE CARRYING RAILWAY LINES.

have been cut, 300,000 acres of land. The dam is almost two miles long stretching across the Nile, and will form a lake fifty miles long and two miles wide. On the top of this dam will run a railway (130 feet above the lowest foundations) to link up the route from Darfur and Kordofan to the Red Sea. The dam will weigh over a million tons, and will provide water for irrigating the land through eighty large sluices. Hundreds of miles of canals have been cut, the main canal being fifteen feet deep, and it is computed that the total amount of excavation would build a wall round the world three feet high by nine inches wide." Messrs. Pearson have contracted to complete the dam and the canalisation work by July 1925. Makwar was chosen for the site as the only place where the Blue Nile has a hard, rocky foundation. It has grown from a little village into a flourishing town of 15,000 inhabitants. They live in ferro-concrete *tukhils*—round, conical huts, similar in shape to those of mud-brick or reed used by the natives. Some 19,000 men are employed on the building of the dam.

COVETED BY EGYPT: THE SUDAN PROSPERING UNDER BRITISH RULE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



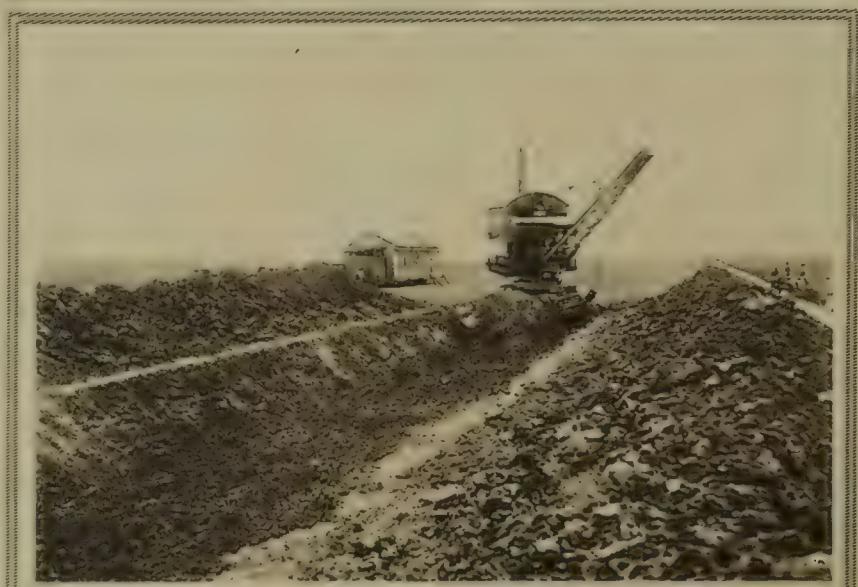
A CONTRAST TO FORMER DAYS OF OPPRESSION AND SLAVERY: SUDANESE LABOURERS AT THE PAY OFFICES OF THE CONSTRUCTORS OF THE MAKWAR DAM.



EDUCATION INTRODUCED INTO THE SUDAN BY THE BRITISH: MASTERS AND PUPILS OF THE MAKWAR VILLAGE SCHOOL, WITH PARCHMENT "SLATES" OF WILD ANIMAL SKINS.



ENGAGED ON A GREAT IRRIGATION SCHEME IN THE SUDAN: A STEAM-NAVY ON "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS, FOR CANAL CONSTRUCTION, TREKKING ACROSS THE DESERT.



CUTTING ONE OF THE NUMEROUS IRRIGATION CANALS THAT WILL MAKE THE SUDAN A GREAT COTTON-GROWING COUNTRY: A STEAM-NAVY AT WORK.



IN THE ONCE-LAWLESS DESERT: A SUDANESE NATIVE POLICEMAN.



TYPICAL OF THE MODERN SUDANESE NATIVES, WHO FORMERLY WORE NOTHING BUT A LOIN-CLOTH: A GROUP OF YOUNG MEN OBVIOUSLY CONTENTED WITH THEIR LOT IN LIFE.

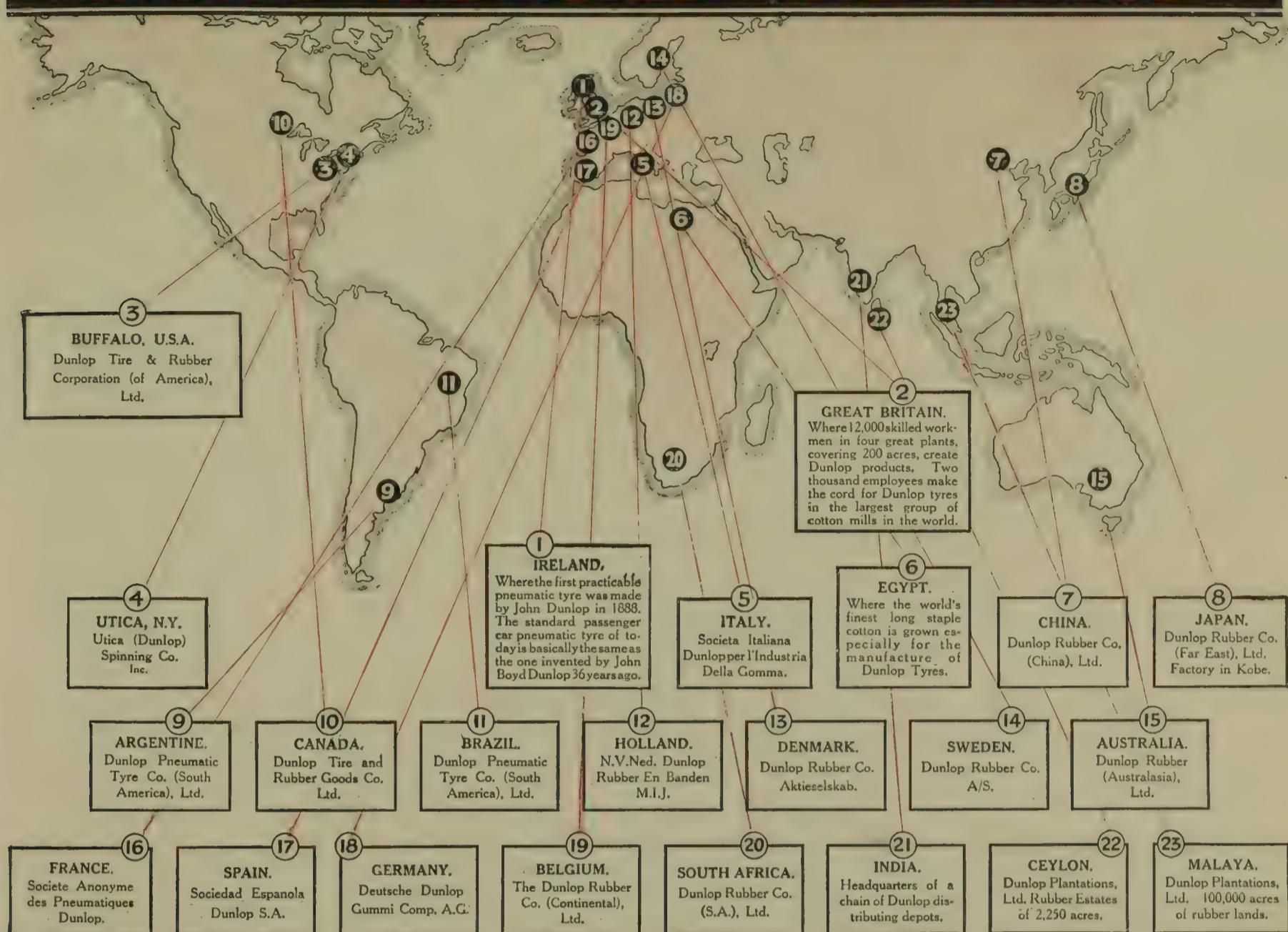


WEARING SOLID GOLD ANKLETS: BECKETA, A MAKWAR BELLE.

The recent disturbances among Egyptian railway troops at Atbara and Port Sudan, and cadets at the Military School in Khartoum, leading to the despatch of British war-ships and of reinforcements to the British garrison in Khartoum, were attributed to the influence of political extremists in Cairo, plotting for the complete cession of the Sudan to Egypt. After a riot at Khartoum on June 25, the leader of the White Flag Society, which is financed and inspired from Cairo, was arrested and imprisoned, and it was outside the prison that the Khartoum cadets demonstrated on August 9. On June 25 Lord Parmoor announced in the House of Lords that the British Government did not intend to abandon

the Sudan. That country, which from 1820 suffered sixty years of chaos, oppression, and slavery under Egyptian rule, and was then wrested from Egypt by the Dervish power (1883-1898), has gradually made great progress under British control since the conquest of the Mahdi by Kitchener, and the establishment of the Anglo-Egyptian condominium of 1899. On June 22 last a number of Sudanese notables asserted their loyalty. The natives, who are not racially akin to the Egyptians, strongly desire the continuance of the present order, which has given them peace and security, with opportunities for work and education. Egypt herself has also been freed from danger on her southern frontier.

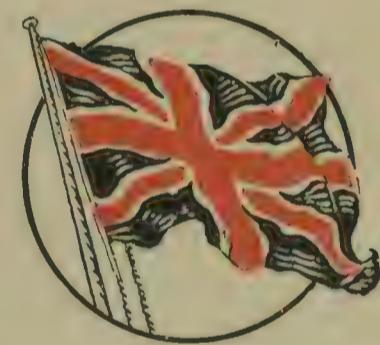
AROUND THE WORLD WITH DUNLOP



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The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

ACTORS AND SENSITIVENESS.

THE actor is almost without exception conscious of his audience. That is why we hear of first-night nervousness, second-night deadness, and matinée slackness. On the first night he is in battle mood, the game is to win or to lose; on the second, when the verdict is pronounced by the crowd and the Press, reaction sets in—one thinks of the uncorked champagne bottle: the gush is out, the sparkle has evaporated. On both sides of the house there reigns a certain lack of expectation. "The thing will go on, never mind what we say or do," prevails in the minds of the spectator and player. Then comes the matinée mood, the audience ready to be pleased, the actors shouldering their task somewhat willy-nilly; the half-way hours of the day are not apt to create magnetism. It is the old story of the operetta queen who said to her interviewer: "In the day I feel phlegmatic; nightfall makes me electric." Actors who are at their best in matinées—and many of them try hard, in contrast to former days, when they were notoriously "sloppy"—deserve our admiration and encouragement. As Wilson Barrett used to say: "After a matinée I want a hot bath, for it takes double pressure to get things over. Lunch is no actor's friend." (He meant the lunch of the audience, not his own, which on matinée days never went beyond a "crust.")

An ardent matinée-goer myself, I have often paused to think over this dictum, and I have found that its appositeness varies according to the constitution of the audience. The more professionals as onlookers in the house, the better the performance; the more suburban or provincial the audience—one cannot specify its character, but we all know it by instinct—the less lively the atmosphere on the stage. Why is this so? Because the actor by intuition gauges his public as soon as the curtain rises. There is a kind of wireless contact between the two. The actor knows at once when he can go ahead leisurely or when there is need for high pressure; and, curiously enough, the latter has a negative effect on the London playgoer, while it seems to coerce the more passive country cousin to applaud.

A well-known actor with whom I discussed this mental aspect said: "In the evening I am—except on the second night—hardly ever conscious of the audience: to me they are an entity; I never recognise a face, they are all a blur to me. At matinées, however, I do not only perceive individuals and faces, but I seek eyes." "Seek eyes?" I said—"what do you mean?" "Well," he rejoined, "somehow I feel that things do not go over, that I do not grip; then I let my eyes wander until I find a pair whose focus attracts me, and, lo and behold! the atmosphere changes. I fasten on to those eyes, I cling to them with the might of a basilisk. I play to that one pair of eyes, preferably a woman's, and to it only, and so I gradually get hold of the whole audience. It seems to me that a strange radiation communicates itself to and concentrates around my victim. By the expression of those two pupils, I can gauge exactly how the emotions of the whole house are stirred; and—you may not believe it—my system, which is unknown to my fellow-players, affects them all. I seem to galvanise them." "But suppose," I said, "that the eyes you have sought do not respond to your will?" "There you have me," he replied. "Like all systems, mine has its flaws. If the current fails or is deflected—if, as it were, there is no ocular sympathy, then the performance suffers. But that is exceptional. Actors are, as a rule, fair psychologists. Only once—touch wood—have I had the dread experience that my selected partner remained stony

to my response. That was an unforgettable misery, for in my effort to mesmerise her I began to forget my part, I dried up right royally, and but for the prompter there would have been disaster. As it was, I frankly admit, I spoiled the act."

The sensitiveness of actors to the mental attitude

one man. They were well paid for it, of course; but the ordeal! Kainz said that the worst of these trials was the uncertainty of the King's presence. When they were sure of it they "tuned up," for he was a caustic critic; but, as he crept in like a mouse, they were never certain, and, working as hard as they could, they never reached the real pitch until by a rustle of curtains they realised that they were not playing to empty space. When asked why it was they could not "play up" when they were uncertain of the Royal presence, he said, "Because we felt like the crank-wielders at Millbank. There is nothing so disheartening as to work a machine that grinds nothing—and Ludwig, mad as he was, was to us still the symbol of pomp and circumstance."

Willem Royaards, the great Dutch actor and producer, until recently director of the Royal Theatre at Amsterdam, whose English is perfect, and who, for the sake of practice, played in an English touring company years ago, relates an experience in the provinces which is both amusing and instructive. He was the "Polite Lunatic" in "The Belle of New York," and, of course, gagging was part of the madly merry business. One day, in the midst of his improvisations, he dried up, full stop; an uncanny something paralysed his brain. Suddenly he discovered the cause. He saw a man in the front row of the stalls reading a newspaper in the middle of the performance, if you please. That mortified Royaards' sensitive soul, but not his innate sangfroid. He stepped to the front and said, "If the gentleman in the fourth seat from the corner in the front row will stop reading, I will go on." Tableau! A pause. Disappearance of the paper, and, maybe, the man. And Royaards went on as if nothing had happened. But, if I remember well, he got the "sack" for his prowess. But his "nerve" was the joy of theatreland.

Of Sir Herbert Tree it was told that he enjoyed nothing better than to watch a fireman, riveted at the prompt side by his acting and whispering flattering words to the prompter. Of his audience he was always pretty sure, but to magnetise the fireman and to have his praise—that was praise indeed. Driessens, the great Belgian actor, never asked what the public said.

His supreme judge was the prompter, whom he often needed; after the performance he used to take him to a café, and over a pint of beer elicit his opinion. If the prompter was satisfied, so was he, for he knew that he, who never saw the public from his little box in the middle of the stage by the footlights, was the safest thermometer of public temperature. He could foretell a hit or a frost to an absolutely sure degree. I could go on *ad infinitum* with these tales; sensitiveness is more peculiar to actors and to musicians than to any other worker in public, for, bound by his part, the actor can only go on within certain limits; he cannot, like the orator, go back, retrieve, pick up, make for renewed climax. He is, as it were, the child of the moment and of circumstances, and much depends on his physical condition—an aspect to which far too little attention is given by the onlooker, be he an ordinary playgoer or a critic. To me it is mystery and miracle how, in and out of season—as one says, in all weathers—in all moods of the public often influenced by the outward circumstances of the world (politics, monetary affairs, etc.), the actor can, day in, day out, sometimes twice and thrice a day, merge his self into another nature. To try

and understand this, to envisage all it means in mental effort and physical exertion, is to apply to criticism such consideration as to render it constructive in the best sense of the word.



A HYDROPATHIC SATIRE. MISS JEAN CADELL AS MISS GAYLER, A CATTY SPINSTER, AND MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD AS THE HON. WALTER BLOUNT, A "SILLY ASS" HUSBAND ON HOLIDAY, IN "STORM," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

of the audience is almost universal—it affects the stars as well as the rank and file. Kainz, the greatest Austro-German actor of one time, used to say that the most trying episodes of his career were performances



A PERSONAL HIT IN THE NAME-PART OF "STORM," AT THE AMBASSADORS: MISS ELISSA LANDI AS STORM, AND MR. ARTHUR PUSEY AS DENNIS WELCH, THE SINGER WITH WHOM SHE HAS RUN AWAY.

Mr. C. K. Munro's new comedy, "Storm," like his previous one, "At Mrs. Beam's," is a satirical study of boarding-house life, this time at a hydropathic hotel in the country. The production was chiefly remarkable for a personal success by a new actress, Miss Elissa Landi, in the title-part.

at the Royal Palace of Munich, where the mad King Ludwig II. commanded Shakespeare productions for his *solitary* enjoyment. The idea seems grotesque—a whole crowd of artists pressed into service to please



The Saloon at Blenheim Palace.

A Nation's Gift

SUBSTANTIALLY, indeed, was national gratitude expressed to Marlborough after his great victory at Blenheim. The royal estate of Woodstock, together with Blenheim Palace, which cost over £500,000 to erect, was the reward for his brilliant generalship.

As an example of early 18th century classic architecture, Blenheim is without parallel. The exterior is most imposing in appearance, but the true proportions of the building can better be realised on visiting the magnificent State apartments.

Typical of the whole interior is the temple-like Saloon with its richly painted ceiling and walls. The graceful Corinthian columns enclose ingenious paintings, giving an impression of open windows through which figures of all nations look down. On either side of this Saloon the State rooms stretch, making, through the open doors, a vista of 300 feet from end to end.

It is interesting to note how here at Blenheim the hand of time has mellowed down and given delicacy to the somewhat heavy details of Sir John Vanbrugh's work, an action of age not by any means confined to buildings. John Haig Scotch Whisky is world famed for a mellowness which only maturity can give. It is made by the oldest Distillers in the world, 1627.



'An interesting specimen of an old wine cooler. Period about late 17th Century.'

Dye Ken
John Haig?



By Appointment.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

IT is an interesting question whether men or women look forward most to holiday times. I think our sex has it in this respect, because there is far more variety in a man's working life than in that of a woman—thinking, of course, of the great majority who do work. He meets lots of people in his office



Straight from Paris comes this delightful frock of black crêpe marocain, of which the panier and tiny buttons are notable features.

career, and has many interests. She keeps the home fires burning, and that is a monotonous, and frequently far from easy, affair. If she had no holiday and relaxation to look forward to, I think she would often go to the wall. In days not so long ago she added to her burdens at holiday time by dragging her family round, amid many discomforts unknown at home. Now men have learnt that this does not do, and are careful not to overload the willing horse; and if the family must go along, he helps manfully.

For those to whom holiday time means change of pleasure, the man, I think, looks most eagerly forward to it, because the pleasures are of a more manly kind than those available in towns. Except those women who have to move their families and resume the toils of housekeeping in unaccustomed places, holidays are eagerly anticipated by both sexes. A larger number of Americans than ever seem to have provided themselves with shootings in Scotland. They are wise; for those who have the money for it, there is no more enjoyable life than that in a good shooting-lodge in the autumn. Possibly a large part of the enjoyment comes from the healthfulness of it.

Americans will appreciate the fact that the Prince of Wales is going to visit them as his own right Royal self, not as Lord Renfrew. No one will enjoy rendering to our young Heir-Apparent the honours that are his more than our Republican friends across the "herring-pond." The old days, when our Kings and Queens were anything but democratic, Americans were rather inclined to crab them, and speak of them with derisive familiarity. Now that our Royal Family shows itself so intensely human, so interested in and familiar with the phases of the people's life, Americans find their rank and style and title decidedly fascinating. Anyway, I know Americans who think that the Prince of Wales is just the most fascinating man there is, and who will enjoy rendering to him all the honours of

his historical position. There are no greater respecters of old institutions than those of the New World, albeit its newness is wearing off now, and it has history and old associations of its own.

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught will receive a warm welcome in India, where they are to go for the cold season there. Naturally, there are rumours that an official appointment may follow. Lord Reading has been Viceroy only three years. There have from time to time been rumours as to his retirement which were always contradicted; now it is being said that he will not be willing to stay on much longer, while it is felt that a Royal Viceroy would be at a greater advantage with the Indian people, who have strong feelings on this subject—feelings which increase the more that they study Western life and understand Western ideas. Princess Arthur is now the wealthiest member of our Royal Family, so could afford to keep up a Court such as would please the Oriental mind; and Prince Arthur is a clever man, and makes himself very popular. We shall see what we shall see; but those whose outlook is longest and clearest believe that members of our Royal Family will take active part in the official



Indicative of the coming mode in Paris is this perfectly straight frock of vieux-rose and grey crêpe-de-Chine, adorned solely with a spray of flowers and tiny plissé frills.

headship of the King's Dominions beyond the Seas, and that the idea will begin to develop directly we have a Conservative Government.

There was quite a large party at Alnwick Castle to have the honour of meeting the Queen on her visit this week. The historical associations of Alnwick would have greatly interested the Queen, who loves history. The Castle, a magnificent pile, has been in the Percy family since 1309—rather, the Barony was bought by Henry de Percy in that year from the then Bishop of Durham. The first Earl of Northumberland, fourth Lord Percy of Alnwick, was, at the Coronation of Richard II., made Earl of Northumberland, and his eldest son was the renowned "Hotspur." The story of the Percys is one full of interest, and the Castle contains most interesting associations with the story. The Archbishop of York was one of those of the house party to meet her Majesty. He is a most interesting man, with a fine sense of humour and thoroughly good sense. Colonel and Lady Helena Gibbs were also there, and Lord and

Lady Salisbury, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox.

One hears varied accounts of the Dublin Horse Show now that the few people who went over to it from here have returned. One set of visitors says, "Write 'Ichabod' and you have the whole story." Another says "Dear dirty Dublin" is the queerest place in the British Isles. All sign of prosperity has vanished; very few and very shabby-looking people are seen about singularly ill-stocked shops. Hardly a motor-car is to be seen in the streets, and actually as the evenings closed in, there were processions carrying Union Jacks with "Come back to Erin" printed below them. These were strikers so angry with everything that the return of the hated but remunerative English seemed to be the one thing to hope for. One feels sorry to hear all this, but, as almost all the well-off people have either left Ireland or are contemplating doing so, it cannot be wondered at. Those who have not been interfered with, and are still in possession of their estates, are being made much of, and are implored to "stay on and not be driven out, and all will come out right yet." That is what every right-minded person would like for a most lovable people, kindly and intelligent, loyal when their affections are won, faithful and gentle. It is only when agitators pile lies upon lies to inflame their too easily raised passions that these get the better of them, and turn the finest peasantry in the world into fiends incarnate for the time being.

Our leading hairdressers confidently look for a decided change in the fashionable coiffure of the near future. What they expect is a revival of side-curls and much more expensive dressing. A blend, it would seem, of Stuart and Early Victorian periods is what they expect. Whatever style or styles (for we do not confine ourselves to one) may come, they will have to suit our lives as they are now lived—usually in a hurry. Georgian types, when the coiffure was the principal part of a very lengthy toilette, will assuredly



Exquisite blue-and-silver embroidery enhances this distinctive dinner-gown of black velvet, which was created in Paris.

not come in again. Early Victorian shows too much of the prim and precise to suit our smart, up-to-date women. A blend of it with the Stuart seems likely to meet all requirements, and will assuredly be a gain in becomingness.

A. E. L.



"WE all take 'Ovaltine,'" writes the mother here shown with her happy, healthy children. "The children love it with their 'Ovaltine' Rusks."

Wise mothers will always choose "Ovaltine" as their children's daily beverage instead of tea or coffee, which have an injurious effect on the digestive and nervous systems. Children much prefer delicious, fragrant "Ovaltine" to any other beverage.

"Ovaltine" is just pure, concentrated nourishment, containing a super-abundance of those essential food elements which build up sturdy bodies and give robust health. There is nothing to compare with "Ovaltine"—no beverage more health-giving or more delicious.

Mother and father, too, will also choose "Ovaltine" as their own beverage at meals and last thing before retiring. It restores weary bodies, rebuilds tired nerves and gives new life and energy. Taken before retiring, it ensures sound, natural sleep.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from Nature's tonic foods which are richest in nutriment—ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs. One cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 7 cups of cocoa, 12 cups of beef extract or 3 eggs.

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P 272.

OVALTINE' RUSKS

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Price 1/6 & 2/6 per tin.



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Children—and adults, too—will enjoy this most delicious and very nourishing food-sweet.

Price 8d. & 1/3 per packet.

Fashions and Fancies.

Outfits for the Coming Term.

In a very few weeks the trains will be packed with schoolgirls returning for the autumn term, and the important task of purchasing new outfits is one which must be dealt with without delay. Each year the fashions for the schoolroom become more and more practical, to the delight of the critical maidens for whom they are designed. Sketched on this page are three indispensable affairs which may be studied at Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W. In the centre is a warm, double-breasted overcoat of blue pilot cloth. It costs 53s. 6d., size 36 in., and may be obtained also in blanket cloth, the price being only 43s. 6d. On the right is a neat navy-blue repp frock, relieved with cuffs and collar of white organdie, and a quaint Oriental ornament suspended from a black moiré ribbon. The price is 63s., size 42 in.; and 52s. 6d. secures the pretty little party frock above expressed in white georgette with a posy of forget-me-nots. In net, it is only 29s. 6d. Naturally, well-cut coats and skirts of fine navy-blue serge are a necessity at practically every school, and these can be obtained from 4 guineas, and tweeds from 69s. 6d.; while trimmed overcoats for special occasions range from 6½ guineas.

Knitted Suits for the Schoolgirl. This year knitted suits and frocks will play a large part in schoolroom fashions, for they are delightfully warm and comfortable. Practical jumper



Filmy white georgette has been used to fashion this small maiden's captivating party frock, which hails from Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W.

suits in all colours can be obtained for 49s. 6d. at Woollands; and knitted frocks in stockinette and wool range from 35s. Woollen coats and skirts are equally useful, and these are 63s.; while those in bouclette range from 3 guineas. For sports wear jumpers and cardigans still reign supreme, and there are fancy wool cardigans in varied striped designs to be secured for 21s. 9d., and jumpers to match for 14s. 1d. Soft Shetland wool jumpers with gay Fair Isle borders are 31s. od., fitting a girl of about sixteen years.

A Rigid Expanding Suit Case.

Each year, just before the holidays, or the journey to school, the same problem invariably recurs—is it less inconvenient to take away many clothes and much luggage, or to limit oneself severely to a small suitcase and leave half one's outfit behind? Hitherto, sad experience has proved that neither alternative is a pleasant one, but this year the problem is happily solved by the Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit-Case. This is an ingenious device which can accommodate comfortably, without ever being too empty or too full, equipment for a modest week-end, a fortnight's holiday, or a month's travel. It is built in such a way that it can be adjusted to fourteen different sizes, always rigid, and locking at each position. This useful travelling accessory can be obtained in many different styles at prices to suit every pocket, and it is well worth while visiting the show-rooms at 169, Piccadilly, W., on a tour of inspection. Everyone who is unable to make a personal visit should write for the name and address of the nearest agent.



Whatever the weather, no harm can come to the schoolgirl who is armed with this well-built coat of blue pilot cloth. It must be placed to the credit of Woolland Brothers.

A Sale of Note.

It is pleasant news indeed to hear that the sales are not quite over. Mappin and Webb, at their Oxford Street and Regent Street salons, are offering during the next few months many articles of jewellery which have been drastically reduced in price. Further details will be given on application; and inquiries from readers of this paper are cordially invited.

Lamplough's Pyretic Saline.

During the holidays, a change of air and long days of unaccustomed exercise often cause a general feeling of slackness to pervade the whole system. To retain perfect fitness and vigour, a simple prescription and an effective one is to take a draught of Lamplough's Pyretic Saline. It is an effervescent and tasteless salt which vitalises the blood with those essential saline principles that are lost or altered during the hot weather. It is a pleasantly cool and refreshing beverage, and is sold in patent stoppered glass bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. To travellers in hot countries and to long-voyage passengers, Lamplough's Pyretic Saline is a veritable boon, of which everyone should take advantage.

Novelties of the Week.

However soft and fresh one keeps the complexion, in innumerable cases it is marred by unsightly open pores, which appear swiftly and surely, especially in hot weather. An excellent open-pore paste which eradicates this annoyance can be obtained for 4s. 6d. a large tin, and on application to this paper I shall be pleased to give the name and address whence it may be obtained. It is a simple remedy which will work wonders.



A graceful frock of blue repp, completed with cuffs and collar of organdie and a quaint pendant ornament. Sketched at Woollands.

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Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

Mr. Chas. E. Morris, of 47, Goodhall St., Willesden Junction, London, N.W. 10, writes as follows: "I feel it is my duty to let you know what a wonderful result Dr. Cassell's Tablets have had in my case. After having served in the Army, I obtained work on the railway, but my health was ruined by my experiences in the Army, and I became a nervous wreck. I was uninterested in anything, and medicine did me no good. I finally made up my mind to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I am very thankful that I did so, for it was not long before I felt a different man altogether."

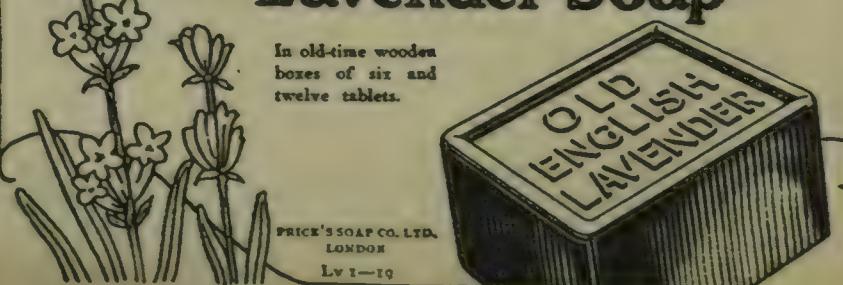
"My wife, who for two and a half years was in a low state as a result of pneumonia, has also commenced taking the Tablets, and she feels the benefit of them greatly."

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce. It is not often that it falls to my lot to try a car which does not appear to lend itself to adverse criticism in any detail. I have driven many hundreds of cars at one time and another, but seldom have I been able to say that here is a car in which I cannot see that it could possibly be made better by the adoption of some suggestion I could pass on. In one case I would alter the controls a little. In another the brakes could be changed a little for the better. In yet another the gear ratios are not close enough together, or, alternatively, too far apart to please. And so on, almost without end. The other day it fell out that I should try the 20-h.p. Rolls. It was not quite a stranger, inasmuch as I had a day out on it a year ago, when it impressed me very greatly. Since then, certain detail improvements have been made which have greatly bettered the performance, and now this small edition of the Rolls-Royce is a car which I honestly think will be immensely difficult to improve further. Indeed, if it were not that I realise that nothing is final and that there must always be room for improvement in the work of men's hands, I should say that it cannot be improved at all. No matter how the car is regarded, its performance is simply wonderful. There are cars of its rating which are faster—but Rolls-Royce have never bothered about mere speed. There are cars in which acceleration may be quicker, though I do not recall them. There are cars whose brakes are as good. In others the controls are as light and as convenient. But I know of none in which so many excellences are combined to make a concrete and harmonious whole. Smooth, quiet as a cat, flexible to an almost unbelievable degree,

extraordinarily able on hills, and with acceleration which one would describe as fierce were it not so silky, the Rolls is really a very wonderful car. It is not for the poor man, or even for the one of moderate means, though, as one of the two classes I have named, I should feel inclined to mortgage everything I have

course had to be completed in one day only, and was actually covered by the winner, Mr. A. J. Cobham (the famous trans-Continental pilot), in a flying time of 8 hours 57 minutes. Such a performance would necessitate the engine being almost fully extended throughout the journey, and affords striking testimony to the machine, the pilot, and the oil and petrol used. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Cobham was using "B.P." the petrol produced at the refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company in South Wales. Mr. Butler, who finished third, together with Captain Barnard and Mr. King, were also running on this spirit.

Police
Motor-Cyclist
Patrols.

A good deal more is likely to be heard of the tactics of the Leicester police motor-

cyclist patrols. These men are alleged to have been placed on the roads for the express purpose of inviting motorists to a friendly little speed contest, at the end of which the motor-cyclist discloses himself as a policeman and demands names and addresses for the purpose of a summons. I have suggested already that the matter is one which the motoring organisations should take up with a view to entering a prosecution for breaking the law against the policeman concerned. The *Motor*, in an editorial, refers to the matter and makes a very valuable point. The police in such cases can only issue a summons under Section 1 of the Motor Car Act, for driving to the common danger. It is a legal point, says the *Motor*, whether by chasing

the motorist and eventually overtaking him they are not contributing to and increasing the danger, and thereby aiding and abetting. The point increases in importance when taken in conjunction with Paragraph 16 of the Act, which expressly lays down that the Act applies to persons in the public service of the Crown.

W. W.

ON THE ROAD AT A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE IN WARWICKSHIRE: A 14-H.P. "STANDARD" FIVE-SEATER LIGHT CAR AT BRIDGE END, WITH WARWICK CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

to enjoy possession of such a car. It is a real beauty, and a fit complement of the famous forty-fifty.

King's Cup
Air Race.

Probably there is no more strenuous test of engine efficiency than the 1000-mile race round Britain for the King's Cup. This year, for the first time, the

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on the choice of your Car we suggest that in your own interest you should send for the Catalogue of the Lanchester "Forty." It tells many things about the "Foremost among the World's Best Cars," and describes in detail many of the features for which it is world-famed.

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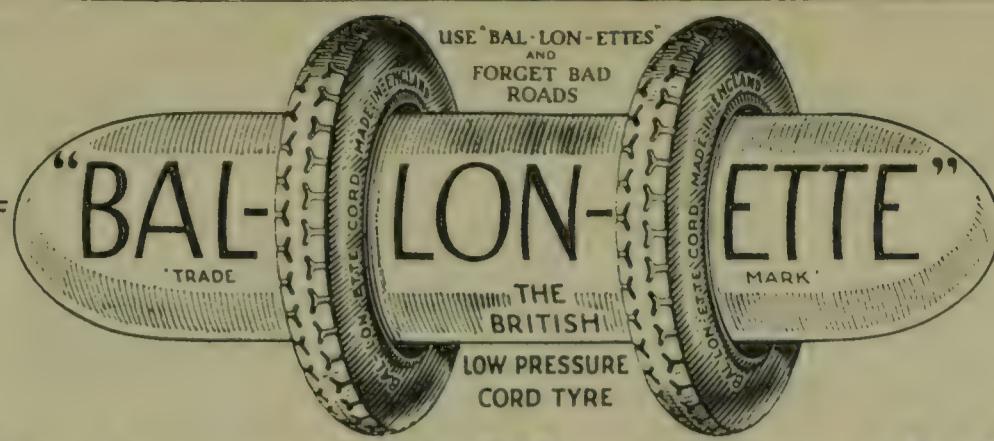
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An "Autocar" Test and Report after four months' running

"The Autocar," 11th July, 1924.

IT is computed that some 75 per cent. of all the small cars now being sold in France are fitted with low-pressure tyres, the great bulk of these tyres being of 715 x 115 mm. or 730 x 130 mm. section. In Great Britain small car owners using such tyres are, of course, in a vastly lower proportion, and, indeed, a very small number of small cars, in regard to the total output during the past six or seven months, have been so equipped, though the wheels of quite a large number have been converted by their owners.

The majority, however, of small car owners are still without definite information regarding the virtues, or otherwise, of low-pressure tyres, and a few direct remarks on the behaviour of a set of such tyres—in this case Bal-lon-ettes—will prove of interest.

In *The Autocar* of March 21st, 1924, we recorded briefly our impressions after a distance of 750 miles on such tyres on a 10 h.p. 1924 model two-seated Singer, weighing, ready for the road, approximately 14 cwt., and promised further particulars after a more extended test.

Better Wearing Qualities.

Up to the present this set of tyres has covered a little over 4,000 miles. Now 4,000 miles in the life of a good modern tyre form by no means the major portion of its career, but it is certainly far enough to be able to speak with authority on the behaviour of any particular type of tyre. The tyres in question, made by Associated Rubber Mfrs., Ltd., Harpenden, Herts., are 715 x 115 mm. section. These replaced a set of 700 x 80 mm. cord tyres which had covered 2,000 miles when they were superseded by the low-pressure variety, and the latter have, therefore, covered some 33½ per cent. greater mileage than their predecessors. At the end of the respective mileages the low-pressure tyres are, undoubtedly, in a less worn condition than the high-pressure ones. This, it is reasonable to assume, is due almost entirely to the more perfect adhesion to the road and the consequent absence of wear through bouncing, and also to the cool state in which they run.

Greater Comfort.

With regard to sheer comfort, there is no comparison; to appreciate this to the full all that is necessary is to change back to the hard tyres and indulge in a short run over average suburban roads.

Fuel Consumption.

"But," someone will surely say, "there must be some snag about the new tyres." The only point that can legitimately be brought against them, as a result of this particular test, is that petrol consumption when driving in London traffic does seem to be increased, as compared with the consumption when hard tyres are fitted. This would point to the fact that the soft tyre demands a greater effort on the part of the engine to move the car away from rest, and as London driving is largely composed of stops and starts, the petrol consumption increase is thereby explained. When, however, we come to long drives on country roads, it is impossible to detect any material difference in the fuel consumption, because there the engine is working at practically constant speed, whatever type of tyre is used, and on approximately the same throttle opening.

Better Braking.

Whereas, however, fuel consumption is heavier in traffic, there is a very considerable counter-balancing advantage in that the brakes are far more efficient with soft tyres than with hard. This is doubtless due to the greater area of the low-pressure tyre in contact with the road.

Better Road Grip—Higher Average Speed.

Skidding, contrary to many reports, has, in this particular case, proved negligible with low-pressure tyres. Probably the maximum speed of the car is slightly reduced, but as this is never asked for in this particular case—and probably rarely by any small car user—it can hardly be advanced as an argument against the latest type tyres. On the other hand, the soft tyre permits a far higher average to be maintained, because bumpy roads become as smooth ones, and no perceptible slackening of speed is necessary. But perhaps the type of surface on which best to appreciate big, soft tyres is slightly uneven *pavé*, either of stone or wood, a type of roadway abounding in London. With a small, hard inflated tyre, the best sprung small car is not too pleasant a conveyance. With low-pressure tyres the unevenness of such surfaces cannot be disagreeably felt.

Safe Cornering.

One of the defects often gloomily alleged against soft tyres is as to what would happen if one of them suddenly deflated when running at speed. The writer cannot answer this question, because no such incident has occurred, but slow deflation due to the low pressure is a characteristic of the tyres, so that no untoward happening should result.

Another "bogey," namely, rolling at corners, also appears to be a myth; the tyres in question were run for several hundred miles at the ridiculously low pressure of 14 lb., as tested on a Schrader low-pressure gauge. Even with the tyres so soft that one could sway the car about sideways on them, no special care appeared to be needed in cornering. Regarding pressures, 20 lb. per sq. in. for the back wheels and 18 lb. for the front appear to provide the most satisfactory results.

Improved Appearance.

On the score of appearance, we have yet to meet any critic of the low-pressure tyre—in fact, the universal exclamation on seeing the small Singer so equipped is how greatly the car's appearance is enhanced.

Efficient Shock-Absorber.

With regard to weight, a 715 x 115 mm. Bal-lon-ette low-pressure tyre, complete with a Sankey pressed steel disc wheel, scales 38 lb., against the weight of 34½ lbs. of the original Singer pressed steel wheel, with its 700 x 80 mm. high-pressure tyre. In short, the low-pressure tyre is, in effect, an efficient shock absorber, and will be appreciated as such by light car owners in particular.

THE "BAL-LON-ETTE" JACK.
Specially constructed for use with
Low-Pressure Tyres, Price 14/-.

THE "BAL-LON-ETTE"
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"BAL-LON-ETTES" and forget Bad Roads

Use

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE PROMENADES.

THE jaded music critic, worn out by three opera seasons and innumerable concerts crowded into the London season, and snatching a quiet rest at the

whatever time you go to the Promenades, whether early in the season in August, or when the real fun begins in September, or later in October, when the gloom of autumn and the Symphony Concerts is approaching, you will find at the Queen's Hall not one audience, but a dozen audiences with tastes differing as conspicuously as the tastes of Einstein and Donoghue differ.

Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, does one get within a comparatively small crowd of a few thousand people such a diversity of character, ability, taste, and education. This is what gives the Promenades their unique character, and, incidentally, it shows how comparatively elementary is our musical education in England. Can one imagine a triple bill at a London theatre which would draw clerks, athletes, labourers, merchants, and philosophers? It would display a far more glaring disparity of items, probably ranging from Tchekov to a one-act farce about an American baby; and the baby-lovers would not sit out one moment

the mere tuning-up of the band, but this is the thrill of anticipation, and is quite another matter. I am convinced that pure delight in hearing musical sounds is the greater part of the pleasure of the average Promenader at the Queen's Hall, and there is something so primitive, so fundamental in this sensuous pleasure of the ear that even the most highly developed musical mind can share in it, just as we can all relish food and drink. Next to this general susceptibility to mere sound, a knowledge of technique is what will chiefly widen one's range of interest. How often does one not hear musical amateurs of taste complaining that they cannot tolerate the popular Italian aria, but the connoisseur of singing will be able to enjoy the shoddiest of Bellini or Puccini airs if it is sung with real style and distinction. Conversely, one often finds the Queen's Hall audience applauding vehemently an indifferent or even a poor performance simply because the work itself is a fine one. The education which will slowly develop the power of discrimination of analysis, is given only by experience, and the greater

[Continued overleaf]

THE SHIP THAT TOOK 735 BOY SCOUTS FROM ENGLAND TO DENMARK, FOR THE COPENHAGEN JAMBOREE: THE ELLERMAN WILSON LINER "ORLANDO."

beginning of August, is not disposed to look upon the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts with the same enthusiasm as other Londoners. For many years these concerts have begun about the middle of August, and it is always surprising to discover the large number of music-lovers who apparently are confined to London during the early part of August. No doubt, they consist largely of people who have taken their holidays in July or are going to take them in September, and it would be interesting to discover what difference, if any, existed in the taste of these two sections of the August Promenade public.

Do those returned from the patrolling of seaside band-stands go to the Promenades in quite the same spirit as the wan, enduring masses who have toiled on at their desks or counters throughout July and August? Can one say that this light-headed, myriad hand-clapping after Jarnefeldt's "Praeludium" or the "Valse Triste" of Sibelius comes from the same source as that deep murmur of satisfaction which follows the conclusion of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony or the "Eroica" of Beethoven? But, at

of Tchekov, nor the Tchekovians endure a single incident of the baby farce. Yet at the Promenades there is no visible exodus either at the beginning of a symphony or at the opening tum-ti-ti of a popular waltz. This is not because the musical public is more genuinely catholic in its taste; it is rather that we have not yet outgrown our somewhat childish delight in listening to agreeable sounds. We are all more or less in the condition of receptivity of that Shah of Persia who expressed himself on a visit to a European concert as inexpressibly delighted—and, indeed, visibly overcome—by the mere preliminary tuning-up of the orchestral instruments.

Of course, even the most experienced and judicious of musical palates may admit to getting a thrill from



BOY SCOUTS IN CAMP FOR THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL JAMBOREE AT COPENHAGEN: SCOTTISH SCOUT PIPERS AT MORNING PRACTICE IN "UNOFFICIAL" COSTUMES.

Nearly 6000 Boy Scouts from all parts of the world, representing 33 different nations assembled at Copenhagen for the second International Jamboree, which followed that of Wembley. They included 735 Scouts who travelled from Gravesend in the Ellerman Wilson liner "Orlando." The camp broke up on Sunday, August 17, after a parade before the King of Denmark, and a prize-giving by the Chief Scout, Lieut-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell. America won the championship, and Great Britain was second. On the 15th there was a parade in honour of the Chief Scout, with games and dances.—[Photograph by Monbergs Pressebureau, Copenhagen.]



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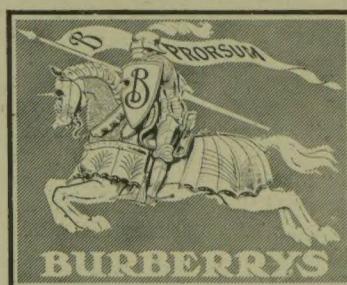
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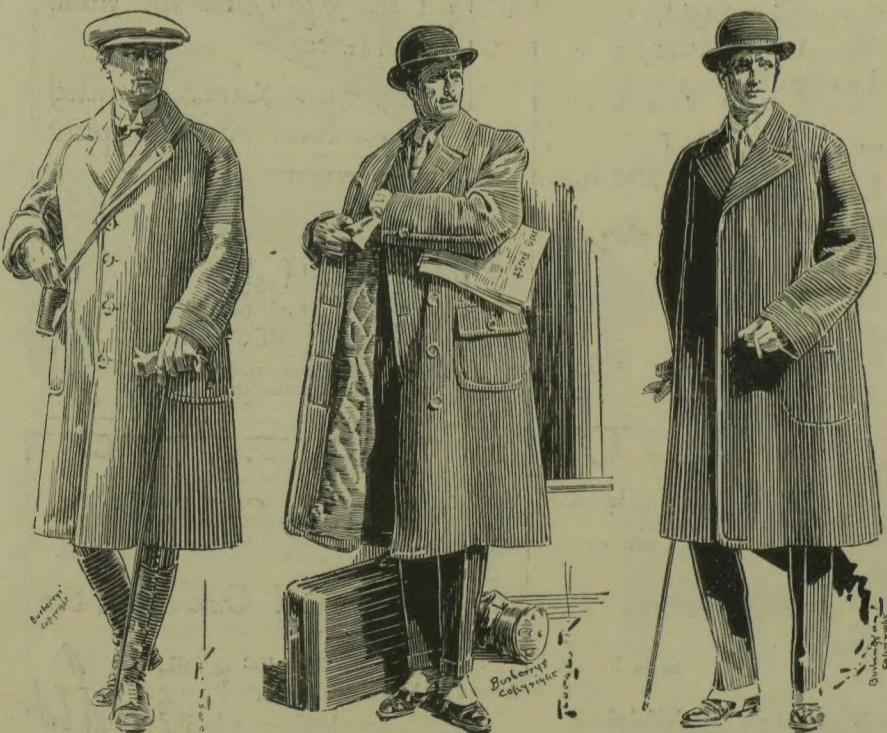
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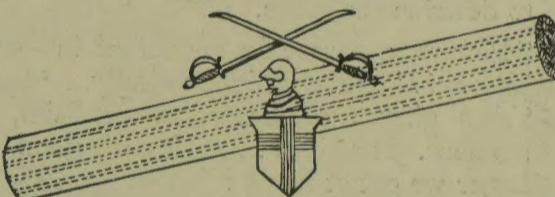
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Continued.

value of the Promenades is that they provide the public with this indispensable experience. The Promenades have made more genuine musicians and music-lovers than any other institution in Great Britain, and every year they provide eight to ten weeks of intensive musical culture of the best kind. Their very variety of quality both in music and in executive musicians is a virtue and an invaluable asset, since true judgment and taste can only be exercised when contrasts in the same kind are offered to the mind. The Promenades offer the most various and even the most startling contrasts. Almost every possible shade between the extreme good and the extreme bad, both in music and musician, are presented to us weekly, and occasionally nightly. This is, I venture to declare, wholly admirable in the public sense, however irritating and infuriating it may be to the individual here and there. But, as a general rule, the extremes should, as far as possible, meet in the same night's programme, so there should always be something to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur, and also the ignorant should always be given something beyond his apprehension or full enjoyment, so as to stir in him the dormant faculties.—W. J. TURNER.

MR. MUNRO'S NEW COMEDY AT THE AMBASSADORS.

M R. C. K. MUNRO, author of "Rumour" and "Progress" and "At Mrs. Beam's," and now of "Storm; or, The Battle of Tinderley Down," ranks easily as the most interesting of the young men writing to-day for our theatre, for he is not only a wit and a realist, he is also an experimenter in stage technique; but already he shows limitations and a trick of repetition. "Rumour" had, despite its garrulity, an extraordinary air of promise as a play of ideas on the great subject of war; but "Progress," which followed it, could only be reckoned a paler replica of "Rumour." "At Mrs. Beam's," again, was a singularly brilliant study of boarding-house types and atmosphere; but now comes "Storm," in a similar vein of domestic comedy, and, alas! it is far too much of a copy of "At Mrs. Beam's." Once more an embittered and mischief-making spinster has a monopoly of the play's scenes and conversation; once more the intrusion of an unmarried couple into the society of insipid or feeble-minded

hotel guests makes the drama of the story. Miss Gayler, for instance, is really of the same type of spinster as the Miss Shoe of Mrs. Beam's establishment. Another disturbing feature is the author's trick of repeating phrases, of reproducing all the hesitations and iterations of actual speech. Fortunately, amid all his repetition he brings two refreshing types to our notice—Storm, the beautiful artist's model, who has thrown herself away on an egoist, and "Sammy," as she calls him, a mild and gentle nincompoop, whom Miss G. almost severs from the absent wife he adores. The interviews of this pair are delightful; and with Mr. Hugh Wakefield (so inimitable in "silly ass" parts) and a pretty and promising young actress, Miss Elissa Landi, to interpret these meetings of beauty and simplicity, they are always good fun. Miss Landi has not yet the experience or variety of voice and mood for such a subtle rôle as Storm's; but she has high intelligence, and already no little charm. Mr. Pusey, as the egotistic singer, does his little well; and Miss Jean Cadell repeats successfully enough her old performance in "At Mrs. Beam's" with some slight variations—somewhat in the direction of caricature.



Mr. & Mrs. Brown discuss a glass of Lager

V. A Japanese Fancy



"Look at that sweet little family of Japs," said Mrs. Brown, whose eyes were for ever questing among the Wembley crowd.

"Ah, that reminds me—" began Henry, replacing his glass on the restaurant table.

"That reminds you, of course," interrupted his wife, "that in Japan, as elsewhere, everybody drinks Lager Beer. Now it's my turn to describe the scene.

"Picture to yourself a restaurant in—er, in Tokyo. We seat ourselves. 'Banzai!' we cry, idiomatically. 'Saijōnara!' replies the serving-maid. 'Two glasses of Lager,' we exclaim, forgetting our Japanese for the moment. It arrives . . . Yes, it's good. But is it as good as the Barclay's Lager we get at home?"

"No, it is not!" thundered Henry. "I actually was in Tokyo once and, though the Japs have taken as intelligently to brewing Lager as to other civilised activities, Barclay's can teach them a thing or two there."

But Mrs. Brown was taking too practical an interest in the subject under discussion to reply at the moment.

(To be continued)

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